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THE
LAMENTATION,
A POEM.

IN TWO PARTS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
OTHER MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,
IN
BLANK VERSE AND RHYME.

Second Edition, corrected.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. WHITE, FLEET STREET,
BY T. BENSLEY, BOLT COURT.

1807.

The Author's Name is Hunt

[illegible]

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIRST EDITION.

Most of these Poems were written some few years back. They are now offered to the Public, who are left to appreciate their merit. They have, as the subjects shew, been produced under very different impressions; and are the genuine effusions of a mind that has intimately known, and sensibly felt, both sorrow and joy.

The author may be allowed to feel, in some degree, anxious for their fate. Indeed, every man who publishes, must conceive that his work is not wholly destitute of merit, and must be gratified with a decision, which proves that his partiality for his own productions has not altogether deceived him.

LONDON, April 1801.

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THE
LAMENTATION.

PART I.

COME, melancholy! come, and calm my cares!
Thou, pensive maid, alone canst ease those wounds,
That have, long since, been rankling in my breast.
No more of joy, no more of mirth, I seek!
The tinkling cymbal, and th' inspiring harp,
The social dance, where beauty treads the maze,
Where grace, and youth, and elegance combine,
No longer can expand my cheerless soul,
Or clothe with rays of happiness my cheek.

O mirth! thy joys are fled, for ever gone!
I, who was once the merriest of thy train,

B

Can now behold thee with unalter'd brow.
 Those days are past when, free from ev'ry care,
 When, light of heart, and reckless of my fate,
 I paid thee court, and bent before thy shrine,
 Proud to be number'd in thy thoughtless train.
 I hate thee now, and drive thee hence with scorn,
 Convinc'd that all illusive are thy smiles,
 And all thy pleasures worthless are, and vain.
 'Tis thy mild sister whom I now implore:
 Yes, pensive virgin, 'tis thine aid I seek.
 Deign then to listen to my fervent pray'r;
 Cast thy black mantle from thy shrouded head,
 And let me view thee as thou really art;
 Not arm'd with frowns of terror and dismay;
 Not, as believes the world, in horror plung'd;
 Not torn with guilt, or madd'ning with despair;
 But sober, placid, gentle, and benign,
 Bless'd with that sweet serenity of soul,
 Which springs from conscious worth, and which has led
 To look beyond this empty giddy ball,
 And fix all hope upon a firmer base.
 Thy downcast mien bespeaks a thinking mind,

A mind intent on grave momentous themes,
 Deserving thought;—thy steady measur'd pace,
 A close connexion between thought and act;
 Thy modest air, a chaste and spotless heart,
 Unoccupied by light and airy dreams,
 That set excursive fancy on the wing,
 And crowd with fictions the distemper'd brain.

How subtly vice assaults a yielding soul!
 How she advances, arm'd with cautious wiles,
 And weaves her warp emblazon'd high with joys,
 Which daze the senses, and the heart seduce;
 Which, whilst we hesitate, with cruel skill,
 Invert the glorious mirror of the mind,
 And, when secur'd, restore it to its place!
 Meek and submissive, whilst she entrance craves,
 Nought but the pliant soothing silver tones
 Of crouching flattery approach the ear;
 But once obtain'd, unuseful then the mask,
 She throws it down, her lofty crest uprears,
 And, like the spark, that lights upon the prime
 Of some fell instrument of raging war,
 Subjection scorns, and ruin hurls around.

O foolish youth, how easily betray'd!
 How little heedful of the days to come;
 How prodigal of pleasures and of joys,
 Which, us'd discreetly, might through life endure!
 Prudence is politic as well as right;
 And he, who guides his conduct by the rule
 Of mild sobriety, and just restraint,
 Preserves his health, his honour, and his fame.
 Youth is the season that decides our fate:
 Life takes its form and colour from the part
 We then sustain :—'tis then the die is cast;
 And, as we venture to resist or yield,
 We rise to angels, or to brutes descend.
 The noblest heart, perchance, may be misled;
 But he, who owns an independent mind,
 The moment he perceives his course is wrong,
 Collects his strength, and, like the knotted oak,
 That stands secure midst elemental strife,
 He proves how weak are the attacks of sin,
 To him who is determin'd to oppose.
 Then why to such unmanly sway submit?
 Think for a moment, and assert your rights;

Think in what odious bondage you are bound;
Think on the future, and reform in time !
The flimsy texture that encircles vice,
And hides her horrors from the careless ken
Of thoughtless fancy, cannot long deceive;
For, certain as tomorrow's sun shall rise,
The day will come, when visionary forms,
Like dreams of conquest to a coward soul,
Shall fade away, and vanish into air ;
When judgment, from delusion's sway reliev'd,
Shall view curs'd folly in her real garb,
Stript of the gaudy trappings of deceit,
And raising hatred on the wreck of love.
Then shall we think those moments misapplied,
We once devoted to the transient scenes
Of this vain world, and earnestly repent
The guilty sacrifices offer'd up,
With headstrong zeal, at pleasure's baneful shrine ;
Then shall we dread to recollect those days,
Those months, those years, we squander'd in the lap
Of sluggish ease, or wasteful luxury,
In which the mind, that bright and glorious sun,

By nature granted to direct our course,
 And light us through the rugged path of life,
 Was suffer'd to grow dim for want of use,
 Or, if employ'd, in base pursuits engag'd,
 And render'd active but for odious ends.

Yet why should pleasure have such boundless sway?
 Why chain down reason to her grov'ling views,
 And o'er the mind a tyranny usurp,
 No despot o'er the body can command?
 Time travels onward with a steady pace,
 Regardless of the speculator's plans,
 And overtakes the sensualist at last.
 Awaken'd from intoxication's dream,
 The curtain drops, the scene of fancy ends,
 And, starting up, dejected and appall'd,
 He sees old age, disease, remorse, approach,
 Compact in force, and all with vengeance arm'd,
 With racks constructed to torment and plague
 The nervous texture of a worn-out frame.
 O then what agonizing pangs assail!
 Conviction, with an unrelenting hand,
 Deals forth her judgments, and such wounds inflicts,

As no proud power of medic'nal art,
 Nor knife, nor cautery, can probe, or cure;
 But which assault with such o'erwhelming force,
 That reason shudders, and that hope despairs.

Still, whilst the tide of blood impetuous flows,
 Whilst health and vigour, like the new-born year,
 That comes to deck reviving nature's face,
 Strengthen each limb, and riot in each vein,
 All warning's laugh'd at, all advice is scorn'd:
 At the convivial board, where plenty reigns,
 The peal of thoughtless laughter still goes round,
 And bumper pledges bumper till the sight,
 All skill in optics lost, no longer knows
 A hated rival from a bosom friend.
 Glasses and candles reel as well as heads;
 The very room turns round; all is confus'd;
 And reason, scandaliz'd at such a scene,
 Resigns to folly the inflated brain.
 Ah! little do they think, amid their cups,
 How the world's throng'd with objects of distress!
 How many droop beneath th' oppressor's lash,
 And want the overplus they idly waste!

Yet far be any verse or thought of mine
 From censuring social converse: that I love,
 And all its lawful pleasures can enjoy:
 'Tis the great tie that links humanity;
 That civilizes man; and makes him learn,
 Justly to think, and speak, and act, and feel:
 Hence sweet benevolence derives its source;
 Hence friendship, love, and ev'ry gen'rous wish;
 'Tis virtue's hot-bed, where her choicest plants
 Beginning have, and growth mature acquire.

The dreams of bliss which young and ardent mind
 With eager heart, and nimble step, pursue,
 Reverse the cheated optics of the soul,
 Make vice the minister of bliss appear,
 And distant pleasures, in perspective rise,
 Fancy persuades them they shall one day reach.
 But what on her factitious base is built
 Must fast decay—the glorious force of truth,
 Like Sol's bright effluence, bursting through a cloud,
 Will sweep away the puny fence of art,
 And, free from obstacle, at last prevail.
 Nor is it youth alone, who, prone to vice,

The glitt'ring bauble ardently pursues.
 Many alas! there are, of batter'd frame,
 Pinch'd up with aches, and bow'd with weight of years,
 Who, in their dotage, persevere in sin,
 And, destitute of shame, defiance bid
 To all the world can say: they mock rebuke,
 And, unconcern'd, proclaim aloud their crimes.
 Thus oft we see an old decrepid fool,
 Gasping with asthma, crippled with disease,
 Aside his crutches throw, and crave support
 From two lewd Cyprians, one for either arm,
 And swagger it, as he was wont to do,
 An idle student fifty years gone by.
 But what I most despise, and most abhor,
 Is the prim parson, who with accent grave,
 And solemn look, preaches the Christian faith;
 Who, from the pulpit, tells us how to act;
 With nice precision points the road to fame;
 And, orthodox, exclaims, with bitt'rest tongue,
 Against the follies of these slipp'ry times.
 No vice he spares, no not a flaw escapes;
 But rails, with artful flourish of the hand,

And stare terrific, as if quite alarm'd
 For the world's safety—this his public garb:
 But when withdrawn (the cassock thrown aside)
 Within the circle of his bottle friends,
 No one a greater sinner—Ribaldry
 He talks, and cracks his wanton jokes,
 And at the vulgar tale, and song obscene,
 Malicious sneer, or irreligious taunt,
 Surpassing all that laic wit can do,
 He shines the splendid meteor of the set.

Yet who e'er felt a calm unruffled soul,
 Who ever tasted of that feast divine,
 Reflection caters for an honest mind,
 Because his passions had been unrestrain'd,
 Because he'd revell'd in licentious joys,
 Or loiter'd time, that precious gift, away
 In base employment, or voluptuous ease?
 Vice's gay votary, who hurries round
 From place to place, thoughtless alas! but pleas'd,
 Soon sinks beneath the burden of fatigue,
 And falls a victim to the joys he courts.
 His hours are all unworthily engag'd;

Cloy'd with amusement, his corrupted taste
 Requires a novelty it seeks in vain ;
 Relax'd and harass'd, 'fore the day's half spent,
 For rest he pants, and, when the moment comes,
 He yawns, and creeps to a detested bed,
 Fatigued with doing nothing :
 Or hurry'd else through dissipation's scenes,
 Where folly, with a consequential air,
 The strut of borrow'd dignity assumes,
 Asserts the lofty dictatorial tone
 Of sad pre-eminence, at virtue scoffs,
 Denies religion, and blasphemes at God.

Paint me the wretch in that dejected state,
 When thought regains possession of his mind,
 And, in the stubborn characters of truth,
 In colours dark, and legibly austere,
 Impresses there the retrospective scene.
 For though reflection may awhile sleep sound,
 There still are moments when she will obtrude,
 In spite of bolts and bars : she then resumes
 Her long-lost character, and high enthron'd,
 In native majesty, and solemn grace,

On the grave seat of awful justice sits.
 Ah! what would he then give to be releas'd
 From those fierce, rending, agonies of woe,
 Compunction raises in his harass'd mind?
 What would he not forego to touch his heart,
 And feel the pulse of innocence beat there?
 Oh! how he shrinks from the acute reproofs,
 The searching pangs of self-examination!
 From the rich treasures of th' ethereal ray,
 The glowing realms of living light, he skulks,
 To where no human vision gains access;
 Yet no obscurity enough is dense
 To hide the scene that's pictur'd on his mind,
 But which, like flashes from th' electric spark,
 In some sad night when total darkness reigns,
 Through darkness still more glaringly appears.
 Shame acts, with force, on his astonish'd soul,
 And tells him what a beggar'd wretch he is.
 His health impair'd, his conscience on the rack,
 His fortune ruin'd, and his friends unfirm,
 A long hereafter, an offended God,
 On ev'ry side he sees impending rocks,

With tott'ring base, and overhanging crest,
 Prepar'd to dash their ruin at his head,
 Sure of their victim, certain of their aim,
 As the skill'd Indian whose revengeful arm
 From his bent bow the fatal arrow speeds.

Ah! little do we know our true concerns,
 Or, if perceiv'd, most madly do we act,
 When, for a few low momentary joys,
 We basely barter an immortal soul.
 For hours of pleasure—endless peace of mind!
 A sad exchange! most terrible, yet true!
 For youth flies quickly, age steals on apace,
 And with our years, our views and feelings change.
 Those objects which, when young, we fondly prize,
 Whilst passion governs, and whilst reason sleeps,
 In life's decline, when things put on the form
 Of stern reality, and truth's bold picture stands,
 No longer varnish'd by deceptive art,
 With horror and repentance we review.
 E'en those most profligate, most lost to shame,
 Who long have led the sad career of guilt,
 Who deeply in perdition's gulf have plung'd,

And with ambitious soul, and daring hand,
 Have hurl'd defiance at the throne of God,
 Shall one day stand, with trembling fear aghast,
 Petitioners for mercy oft despised,
 Cursing those actions on which once they rear'd
 The boasted structure of disgraceful fame.

How strangely then by clouds of sense obscur'd
 How void of penetration and of skill,
 Must that mind be, which happiness expects
 From mixing with a base degen'rate world,
 Where vice with triumph rears her tow'ring crest,
 And stalks majestic 'midst admiring crowds;
 Where she is seen, with industry employ'd,
 Engrafting mis'ry on the human race;
 Infusing various poisons in the breast;
 Dissev'ring those whom nature meant to join;
 Destroying amity and social love,
 Those qualities that knit with silken bands
 Congenial minds, and rivet soul to soul;
 Uprooting gentle, mild benevolence;
 Soft sensibility's delightful charms;
 With all those sweet emotions of the heart,

Which nature, in compassion to our lot,
With bounty gave to moderate our cares,
And strew, with some few animating flow'rs,
The dreary, dull, insipid, path of life.
Virtue alone secures its own reward,
The grateful feelings of an honest mind.
O 'tis a shield of adamantine rock,
With such firm force, and solid strength endued,
That he who wears it, with indiff'rence goes,
Where storms and tempests howl, where lightnings blaze,
Where battles rage—he goes where duty bids;
Death scares not him; he dreads no fatal shaft;
For if in duty's sacred cause he fall,
Religion ministers her certain aid:
She by her blessed promises detains,
To the last flutter of expiring breath,
The ray of hope which gilds the future state,
And to his quick-departing soul expands,
The cheering prospect of immortal bliss.
Tell me, ye sons of luxury and ease,
Ye harden'd votaries of guilt and shame,
Who waste your moments on a bed of down,

And strive to stifle ev'ry worthy thought,
 In schemes which wild and heated fancy frames;
 Who riot through the loose luxurious scene,
 Each flow'ret culling, till distinctive sense
 Within variety's thick maze is lost;
 Have you once tasted happiness?—O no!—
 For she presides not at the drunkard's feast,
 She never ventures near the midnight brawl,
 Nor mingles with the noisy, senseless, herd
 Of rakes and gamblers—she is more retir'd,
 Has more respect for modesty and fame,
 And loves too well the mansion of repose.
 Then why, ye foolish, ye misguided throng,
 Cling with such fondness to a world like this,
 Since common sense in plainest terms declares,
 That disappointment must be your reward?
 You meet with adulation, grandeur, pomp;
 You meet with falsehood under truth's fair garb;
 You meet with solemn promises from rogues;
 You meet with base, corrupted, hollow hearts.
 These coax and captivate a taste depriv'd,
 And smooth the road to ruin and despair.

Roses and myrtles twin'd by fairy skill,
The babbling stream, the gaily spangled mead,
The beck'ning hand, the loose familiar nod,
Th' alluring smile, the captivating eye,
Soft words and blandishments invite you there;
But rocks and mountains, precipices wild,
And gaping caverns, interdict return.

Who ever found a firm and constant friend,
Amidst the number of his mad companions?
Oh, trust me, he whose heart is nobly form'd
To fill the duties friendship's laws demand,
Must know to venerate those sacred rules
By which alone the cordial ties of life,
The social rights are cherish'd and upheld;
Those who, with hardy and licentious tongue,
Deride religion's consecrated name,
Laugh down morality, at virtue scoff,
Have souls as adverse to the generous spark
That nature kindles in an honest breast,
As love to hatred, or deceit to truth.
They proffer protestations of respect;
Bestow most freely what not injures them;

Lavish each tender and endearing name ;
 Profess attachment that can never fail ;
 Assume the smile of joy when you appear,
 And, when you part, the tear of sorrow shed :
 This is their practice whilst your fortune thrives
 But if, by some unheeded fatal storm,
 The tide of ruin swell th' impetuous sea,
 And with its fury overwhelm the bark,
 In which, ere now, you so securely sail'd :
 If pinch'd by poverty's relentless gripe,
 And down the precipice of want impell'd,
 Where are these friends?—Do they approach to
 That aching heart which they have chiefly caus'
 Do they infuse the balsam of their love?
 Do they throw down their purses for your use?
 Or but administer one gentle word
 Of kind compassion, which but utterance costs?
 Small as the pittance is, 'tis yet too large
 For their perverted grudging souls to grant.
 No longer you contribute to their mirth;
 No longer gratify their pamper'd tastes;
 No longer can afford to pay the price

For which they barter'd language of the tongue;
 They, therefore, deem all former claims annull'd,
 And like the tenuous vapour that dissolves
 Before the fierceness of a mid-day's sun,
 They vanish, and no shadow leave behind.
 O friendship! how thy sacred name's abus'd!
 How all thy noblest duties are profan'd!
 Men shew attention to the rich and great,
 And stoop, with pliant and deceitful knee,
 Before the fane of luxury and pomp,
 And call that friendship:—but the beggar'd wretch,
 Who most requires some easing antidote,
 Who needs some act of tenderness and love,
 To keep alive the feeble spark of hope
 That flutters still within his fainting heart,
 Is left to linger on the couch of woe:
 And no one comes to cheer his drooping soul;
 He hears no kind, consoling, pitying voice;
 He feels no constant, firm, supporting hand;
 He sees no grateful sympathetic tear;
 But down he sinks to fill the gaping grave,
 With not a fellow creature to attend,

' To listen to his last departing words,
 Or close, with pious care, his haggard eye.
 O friendship! art thou then an empty shade,
 That dwells with riches, and abandons want;
 That whispers flattery in the ear of wealth,
 But whose sweet sounds pinch'd poverty not know
 Then, tell me, proud, presuming, scornful men
 Of what are you so vain? — What can you boast
 But vices which you meanly strive to hide,
 Whilst interest demands the cloak of virtue?
 But which as evident as day appear,
 Nay, which you glory to expose to view,
 The moment that base, despicable tie,
 No longer prompts you to conceal the heart.
 Justice in vain may brandish high her sword,
 You heed her not—you laugh at her decrees:
 So oft, in rags and palsied poverty,
 Is virtue seen, so oft is vice bedeck'd,
 And tinsel'd over with external show,
 Which wins the soul of an obsequious throng,
 And the mask'd zeal of villany secures.

How chang'd and fallen from that blissful state

Which bounteous nature meant us to adorn,
When not the name, but virtue's self was lov'd;
When truth resided in the spotless breast;
And words were signs for what was really felt.
But now the world in taste is so deprav'd,
To ev'ry sense of manly worth so lost,
That he who views it with impartial eye,
And, free from prejudice, its value weighs,
Will soon discover this important truth:
That its acquaintance merits not our care,
And he lives happiest who knows it least.

THE
LAMENTATION.

PART II.

OH what is life, that we should prize its worth!
What but a fleeting unsubstantial shade,
Assuming shapes and colours, like a cloud
The winds propel athwart a setting sun,
Which, under various and fantastic forms,
Buoys up our hopes one moment to the skies,
The next, immerses in the gulf of woe!
The sport of fortune, and the jest of fools,
Uncertain what to-morrow's morn may bring,
Time slips away in wayward hopes and fears,
And whilst employ'd in eking out its use,
Experience comes to tell us it is gone.

With what keen appetite we all pursue
 A vain, ideal, visionary form,
 We title with the pompous name of bliss;
 The substance ever distant from our grasp!
 Look to the world, and wonder not 'tis miss'd.
 Look to the taverns, where the bloated guests
 Degrade their reason to the rank of brutes,
 And wallow in the rudiments of pain,
 Till sense grows dizzy, and repletion palls.
 Look to the stews, where riot and debauch,
 Deaf to the calls of honour or of shame,
 Pursue with hardihood their guilty course.
 Look to the haunts where gamblers hatch their plans,
 And skulk like tigers watching for their prey;
 Where honour is laid prostrate at their feet;
 And cards, and dice, and treachery, and oaths,
 In sad rotation, fill the lapse of time.
 Behold the harden'd villains how they sit,
 With brow contracted, and with look askance,
 Or else with counterfeited smile prepar'd,
 Enticing unsuspecting youth to deeds
 Which years of sorrow would in vain retrieve.

O love of play ! thou certain source of wee,
 Thou cause unfailing of tormenting thought,
 How many noble souls hast thou destroy'd !
 Frightful the long, long catalogue to view
 Of those who might have grac'd the social board,
 Who might with honour to themselves have liv'd,
 Have prov'd a source of comfort and delight,
 Have fill'd, with spotless faith, th' endearing ties
 Of son, of husband, father, and of friend,
 Had not thy base, inextricable snares,
 In some unguarded, slumb'ring moment caught
 Their thoughtless hearts, and hurl'd them into guilt
 And are there creatures of the female sex,
 That sex which nature form'd for social love,
 To mould man's temper, and, by gentle arts,
 By virtue, piety, and winning worth,
 By charity, benevolence, and grace,
 To polish and uphold domestic life ;
 And are there creatures of the female sex,
 Of common shame so totally devoid,
 So lost to conscience and to self-respect,
 As dare preside at such atrocious scenes ?

O ye, who yet have honesty to lose,
 Who yet have some remains of worth to save,
 Who yet perceive some latent, ling'ring spark
 Of conscious virtue glow within your breasts,
 Abjure these haunts of ruin and despair;
 Fly from these harpies, they are worse than death!
 Destruction's springes lurk in their discourse:
 Whate'er they touch, they poison and pollute:
 To know them is disgrace; but, being known,
 'Tis loss of character to know them still.*

But all must now to fashion's altar bend;
 She is the idol in all climes ador'd;
 She does what virtue, honour, modesty,
 Religion's claim, in vain attempts to do.
 When she ordains, no matter what is borne;
 Nature and reason are alike dethron'd,
 And o'er her slaves omnipotent she rules.
 To follow her, rheums and catarrhs are brav'd,
 And quick-consuming phthisis is despis'd.

* Alluding to some notorious houses which, a few years ago,
 were kept by some notorious ladies, whose infamous proceed-
 ings were only checked by the indignant declaration of an up-
 right judge.

For her, the wholesome country is resign'd,
 And the contagious air of crowded rooms
 Is reckon'd purer than the breath of spring.
 Oh! what a scene these hospitals present!
 Night turn'd to day, each actor cons his part,
 And the whole world in masquerade appears.

Mark how the flick'ring smile, and vacant stare,
 Distort the features of the natural face,
 Whilst the affected nod, and friendless squeeze,
 With how do you? and what's the news? and well!
 Express the sense those features represent.
 The play and op'ra subjects next become
 Of loud discourse; some politicians turn,
 And, letting passion take the lead of truth,
 A party like a bubble is dissolv'd.
 Some talk of Gallic puppies, who display
 Their taper forms, and kick their nimble heels,
 And point the toe, and whirl themselves around,
 Like Turkish dervise to the rapid note;
 Or of th' Italian singer, half a man!
 Who squeaks, and flourishes his breath away,
 Well pleas'd with bravoës, but pleas'd better still,

With what he pockets at the fool's expense.
 Then is the pantomimic scene discuss'd,
 Where Punch and Harlequin gain more applause,
 Than ever minister that rul'd a state.

Now note the wrinkled dowager who sits,
 Demure at cards, on which alone she doats.
 The diamond sparkles on her shrivell'd neck;
 Her jaundic'd cheek, from which the bloom of health
 Has long since flown, is made with paint to bloom;
 And peruke, neatly fasten'd on her sconce,
 Outvies the flowing locks of jocund youth.
 Yet all this matters not; if she but win,
 She's still supremely blest; and though life's warmth,
 Within her crazy and distorted frame,
 Wastes like the taper that before her burns,
 Honours and trumps as much with her are priz'd,
 As if the heralds of immortal bliss.
 Close at her elbow sits the gentle maid,
 Her daughter: she the game would also learn,
 But higher views her wanton thoughts engage;
 Slily she twirls her fan, and looks aside,
 Eager to know how much she is admir'd.

The flimsy web, encircling her fair form,
 Reveals her charms to the observer's eye:
 That heaving breast, to all the world expos'd,
 She vainly thinks will all the world ensnare.
 But little does she know the heart of man.
 Imagination, which so ardent is,
 When modesty's pure mantle intervenes
 To check th' inquiries of th' intrusive glance,
 Is sudden cool'd, that mantle once withdrawn.
 What is so common made, he values not.
 What ev'ry groom and valet can behold,
 Awakes no passion in his steel-clad breast.

Th' adjoining room contains a livelier throng;
 There nymphs and swains, in merry dance conjoin'd
 Ogle, and sigh, and press the willing hand,
 As if to say—how tenderly I love!
 Whilst the musicians, labouring through their notes,
 Wish that the dancers felt but half the pain
 In nimble feet, which they in fingers feel.
 Then comes the supper, sumptuously serv'd up.
 With ev'ry dainty is the table deck'd;
 No lux'ry spar'd; ices, and costly wines,

And flow'rs, and fruits, grace the superfluous meal.

Nature and art are ransack'd to afford

What suits the pamper'd palates of the guests,

And on one feast as much, or more is spent,

Than might maintain a multitude for years.

'Tis thus that folly fortifies her sway!

'Tis thus that health and fortune are destroy'd!

If happiness were ever found on earth,

If that pure principle, which bears her name,

Did e'er delight the troubled breast of man,

'Twas not at courts, at operas, at balls;

Or in the whirlwind of ambition's toil;

Or at the noisy and luxurious feast,

Where gluttony and drunkenness preside;

Or at the crowded but insipid rout,

Where yawns are stifled by worn-out remark,

Where, the obsequious imitative throng,

Is taught to wear the habit of restraint,

Disguise the cheek with dimples of content,

And cringe, and bow, and flatter, whilst they hate:

'Tis not on such a motley stage as this,

That she delights to act—she better loves

The silent, sober mansion of the vale;
 The humble cot, that lifts its moss-clad roof
 In some unnotic'd and sequester'd glade;
 Where nor the noise nor bustle of the world
 Intrudes—but where the philosophic mind,
 Unagitated by those busy scenes,
 That so molest it in a peopled town,
 Has leisure to reflect on actions past;
 Where competence, secur'd by few desires,
 With willing heart, and ready hand bestows,
 Her valued off'rings to her grateful guests.
 If envied happiness on earth reside,
 'Tis in such modest tenements as these.

Methought I once beheld her lovely face,
 With smiles illum'd, and ting'd with glowing health;
 'Twas on a summer's eve, near some thick wood,
 That borders on sweet Devon's fertile hills;
 A spot where nature has display'd her charms
 With lib'ral hand; where vegetation's reign,
 With such exub'rance thrives, that all things seem
 To spring spontaneous from the fruitful earth.
 Here hill and dale are cloth'd with lasting green;

No signs of desolation's savage sway,
No plains laid waste by war's revengeful sword,
No barren tracts appear—but all around
Bespeaks the tranquil residence of peace.
The martial clangour of opposing arms,
The shrill-ton'd trumpet, the loud-pealing drum,
The shouts of victory, the shrieks of woe,
Intrude not here, to stir up discord's flame,
And plant dissension in the breast of friends.

Beneath the shade of a majestic oak,
Whose branches seem'd to mingle with the sky,
I here beheld an aged rev'rend swain,
Lolling with ease upon a wicker chair,
And sweetly playing on an oaten pipe,
Whilst those around their honest joy express'd
By joining in a merry rustic dance.
Maidens and youths the social ring compos'd,
Of different ages, but of equal charms;
And like the clusters of the favour'd vine,
That dext'rous management has brought to bear,
The strong similitude which spread through all
Bespoke them children from one parent stock.

The glow of health and temperance adorn'd
 Each lovely face, and added charms to youth.
 They seem'd to dance because their minds were g
 And not for fashion's sake; and each possess'd
 A simple elegance and modest ease,
 That far surpass'd the studied forms of art.

 This glowing picture of terrestrial bliss,
 This mutual intercourse of social love,
 I view'd unseen—but not—oh not! unfelt.
 Wild bursts of rapture warm'd my waken'd soul,
 And tears of pleasure flooded down my cheek.
 Oh what can paint the sweet excess of joy,
 That thrill'd with ardour through my throbbing ve
 The views of transport which so oft had daz'd
 My boyish vision, seem'd once more reviv'd,
 With livelier hues and firmer substance grac'd,
 Whilst mem'ry, with her captivating tribe
 Of cheerful images, enrich'd the scene,
 And like the mild and purple streams of light,
 Which, bursting from Aurora's glowing eyes,
 Announce th' approaches of the rising orb,
 Spread a soft tincture over all I saw.

No longer could I now my steps restrain,
 No longer check the impulse to advance,
 And beg to be admitted as a guest
 At that fair banquet where pure nature reign'd.
 I rush'd among them, and my story told.
 When done, the rev'rend sire, with step robust,
 But aspect mild, before the rest advanc'd,
 And as a friend, he clasp'd me in his arms,
 His joy expressing ; and, with honest warmth,
 Entreating oft, that I would not depart,
 But spend the ev'ning at his homely board.
 Pleas'd thus to be receiv'd, my heart was full,
 And, quite unable what I felt to tell,
 'Twas looks, not words, express'd my gratitude.

With conscious pride, he told me those around,
 Were the dear pledges of connubial love,
 Left by a saint whose soul (too pure for earth)
 Had gone to breathe among her kindred choirs,
 Th' ethereal atmosphere of heav'n's abode.
 While thus he spoke, th' involuntary tear
 Burst from its sluice, and dew'd his manly cheek :
 At last, the struggle in his breast subdued,
 Grief was again supplanted by a smile.

'Twas early yet, and he a walk propos'd
 Towards the neighbouring wood—I straight ag
 And, arm in arm, like two old friends we went.
 'Twas not impertinence on either side;
 For kindred souls soon banish all restraint,
 Except what springs from courtesy of heart.
 We walk'd, with measur'd pace, through alleys green
 And various windings, where sweet jessamine,
 With rose and thyme and honeysuckle mix'd,
 Twin'd into many a luxuriant bow'r,
 Diffus'd their fragrance through the ambient air.
 At length we reach'd a cool, sequester'd spot,
 Remote from bustle and the haunts of men,
 Yet in its solitude nor drear nor dank,
 Form'd to console, and not depress the mind.
 'Twas on such spots as this that poets feign
 The wanton fairies with their pigmy queen,
 In times of yore, assembled, whilst the moon
 Shed her pale lustre on the spangled dew,
 And mad with revelry, in dance vertiginous,
 Perform'd their merry and fantastic feats.
 So nature had her choicest gifts bestow'd
 That art had scarcely any thing to add,

Save a rude seat of turf which had been rais'd,
To court the covert of a stately beech.
We here repos'd, and soon began to talk
In serious mood, for all around inspir'd
That converse which refers to weighty themes.
The solemn, silent, stillness of the night ;
The air, with soft and sweet serenity,
Its light wings fanning with a gentle sound,
And wafting perfumes on each temper'd gale ;
The lofty canopy of heav'n's high throne,
Adorn'd with myriads of sparkling worlds ;
The moon, whose bright and ample orb outshone
With proud pre-eminence the lesser stars ;
The clumps of beech, and fir, and sturdy oak,
That had for ages been acquiring growth ;
The verdant lawn bedeck'd with various shrubs,
Which yielded shelter to the feather'd tribe ;
The winding rivulet whose devious course
Amus'd the eye, and whose wild gurgling tones
Afforded pleasing music to the ear ;
The tuneful nightingale, whose mellow notes,
In plaintive cadence, sounded through the wood,

While notes responsive follow'd as she sang,
 Concurring harmonies divinely sweet,
 Such as might calm the purpose of revenge,
 And into mercy melt the wrath of rage;
 These all united to upraise the mind,
 To hush the rebel passions of the soul,
 And to invite the charms of grave discourse.

My friend so happy seem'd, I long'd to know,
 If inward thoughts with outward looks agreed.
 I ask'd the question: he, with downcast eye,
 Paus'd, and sat musing; grasping then my hand,
 With cordial countenance, he thus reply'd.
 ' My friend, I've reason to return my thanks,
 In pray'rs of humble gratitude, to God,
 For what I still possess—Happy I am,
 As one, descending in the vale of years,
 Can well expect to be.—Blest with sound health,
 An easy conscience, a collected mind,
 With children who love me as I love them,
 With competence, I ought not to complain :
 And yet,' sigh'd he, ' I've felt the sharpest pang
 Of dire misfortune.—Once I had a wife,

Who shar'd my soul, whose very thoughts were mine,
Whose constant tenderness disarm'd the shocks
Of adverse fate, and lighten'd all the cares
That so disturb the troubled lot of man.
Her soft endearing love was so express'd
In all she said, or did, that, whilst with her,
Life seem'd renew'd in ev'ry beating pulse,
And bliss to ev'ry object was ally'd.
Her elegance of manners and of form
Was only rival'd by her polish'd mind;
Her thoughts were chaste as were her looks and words,
And the rose bloom'd, or faded, on her cheek,
As inward feelings in her breast prevail'd.
We once had known the gayer scenes of life,
But both disgusted with a selfish world,
We parted with our riches and our wants,
An easy competence secur'd, and came,
In this abode of truth and peace to dwell.
Our hearts estrang'd from fashion's odious toils,
We tasted here the uncorrupted joys
Of social worth: we found some few preserv'd
From the sad wreck of opulence and vice;
We met with honesty, with real friends;

We met companions whom our taste approv'd.
 My days were then as blest as they were long,
 And had been yet—had not my cruel fate,
 As if from envy of such perfect bliss,
 This heavy loss condemn'd me to sustain.
 Snatch'd was her spirit from this nether world
 Whilst yet in youth's and lovely beauty's prime:
 Like the sweet rose which some rapacious hand,
 Just as its glories into life unfold,
 Has torn with fury from its parent stalk,
 Admir'd by all, she flourish'd, and she fell.
 Since then,' he added, ' my chief care has been,
 To train my children in the laws of God,
 And make them practise those strict moral rules
 Which can alone their future bliss secure.
 Till now, thank heav'n! they've answer'd all my hopes.
 My daughters my domestic duties tend;
 My sons relieve me from my weightier cares;
 And all, with one consent, their strength unite,
 My joys to heighten, and my griefs beguile.
 Oh! should they prosper, and I live till then,
 I still have happiness enough in store.'

He here concluded, and we upward rose,

And, with more active pace, tow'rds home return'd.
 The moment he arriv'd, the vivid torch
 Of cheerfulness was lighted in his face,
 And shed its living rays on all around.
 His lovely children ran to meet their sire,
 Clang to his knees, and hung upon his neck,
 Impatient to receive the wonted kiss.

 This scene of filial piety gone through,
 We all approach'd the social, frugal board,
 And form'd one ring of harmony and love.
 Plenty abounded void of wasteful shew.
 No superfluity disgrac'd the meal;
 And cleanliness invited all to taste
 That which promoted, not which injur'd, health.
 The sparkling ale in cups was handed round,
 And ev'ry joyous guest, in turn, was pledg'd.
 The cloth remov'd, an hour was spent in chat,
 In cheerful story, and more cheerful song.
 We then, with peaceful minds, to rest retir'd,
 Nor needed opiates to make us sleep.

 I early rose, yet found the good old man,
 Already working in a neighbouring field.

The sun had just his daily course commenc'd,
 And his translucent car had not yet left
 The eastern boundary, diffusing wide
 His roseate hues, and tinging nature's face
 With the rich splendour of his golden beams.
 The lark in flutters mounted to the sky,
 And sang, with gaiety, his matin strain ;
 The flow'rs, made heavy by the nightly dew,
 Their drooping heads were raising by degrees,
 And, as they felt the genial warmth of day,
 Expanded all their glories to its view.
 The whole created world appear'd reviv'd ;
 Both hill and valley with fresh beauties teem'd,
 And all around, with evidence, proclaim'd
 A mighty, merciful, and bounteous God.

The good old man as strong and active seem'd
 As one who still was in the prime of youth,
 For sober temperance, in early life,
 Secur'd to age a full and just reward.
 He work'd for pleasure, exercise, and health,
 And reap'd the objects he desir'd to gain.

Ye pamper'd sons of luxury and ease,

Whose nervous frames with heavy languor droop;
 Who know no pleasure but what art creates;
 Whose appetites are deaden'd by misuse;
 And whose dull, vulgar, and polluted tastes,
 Deriving all their strength from heated blood,
 Provocatives from day to day require;
 Tell me, if e'er your surreptitious joys
 Could boast that heav'nly, undisturb'd delight,
 Which warms the breast of innocence and worth.
 What is your luxury, compar'd with theirs?
 No more alike than tempests to a calm,
 Or the dark dungeon to the sun's bright blaze.
 With them the festive hour is full of joy,
 Which springs from social feelings of the soul.
 'Tis not the noisy orgies of the rake,
 But sweet indulgence sway'd by reason's law,
 Joy that awakens ev'ry genuine bliss,
 And spreads its subtle essence through the frame.

O then, for ever let me fly those scenes,
 Which vice and odious cunning represent
 On the throng'd theatre of human life;
 For 'tis in cottages, and not in courts;

At frugal tables, not at sumptuous feasts;
 In still retirement, not in busy crowds;
 That virtue and that happiness reside.
 'Tis there they spread their wide protecting shield,
 And feast the soul with intellectual joys.
 We there may meet with hearts where nature reigns;
 Where noble, manly sentiments prevail;
 Where friendship firm, and unaffected love,
 Dispense the lasting influence of their charms.
 I like not cringing looks and outward forms;
 I prize not artful music of the tongue;
 But simple, true integrity of heart.
 Give me that friend who loves me, rich or poor;
 Whose kindness clings not to the smiles of fate;
 But who, still constant in a time of need,
 Disdains to leave me because fortune frowns.
 And if I ever am design'd to taste
 Th' untainted transports of connubial bliss,
 Oh may kind heav'n some gentle maid bestow,
 Blest with that elegant yet artless ease,
 That unobtrusive modesty and taste,
 Which add such lustre to the female sex;

whose breast, alive to ev'ry gen'rous sense,
 ev'ry soft emotion of the soul,
 may know the sweets which social converse grants;
 whose sensibility is unimpair'd
 too much commerce with a vicious world;
 whose mind is polish'd, and whose judgment sound;
 whose heart is fram'd for tenderness and love;
 and who divides with me an equal flame.
 The friend I long have treasur'd in my breast;
 and, should propitious destiny reserve
 for me, that dearest of all earthly gifts,
 a soul that freely renders love for love,
 correspondence then would quickly take its flight,
 and leave my troubled senses to repose;
 when halcyon hours would glide with smoothness on,
 and, undisturb'd by loud loquacious mirth,
 like a still ev'ning which the summer brings,
 my days would pass with cheerfulness away.

TO
FRIENDSHIP.

O FRIENDSHIP, may I ever prize thy worth,
May all thy gen'rous fervour warm my soul,
And may thy social spirit ever dwell
Within my frame; may it expand my heart
With all its heat, and ever make me share
The joys and sorrows of a kindred mind!

Thou best and surest comforter of man!
Thou chief support of sickness and of grief;
Misfortune's staff; pale penury's resource;
Sweet antidote against the ills of life!
O never, I conjure thee, never quit,
In youth or age, the devious path I tread,
But, in my bosom, firmly fix thy throne,
And be a pleasing and delighted guest!
With undiminish'd vigour let me feel

Thy meek serenity, thy spotless truth,
 Thy tender sympathy, thy joyous mirth,
 With all those dear inexplicable ties,
 That weave the bond of union between souls,
 And link them with a chain that never breaks.

Oh how describe the raptures that enchant
 The breast of him, who, from the dawn of thought,
 From tender prattling infancy has known
 Thy sacred impulse; whose ingenuous heart,
 Warm'd with the virtues honest nature plants,
 Is form'd to feel, and freely to obey,
 The gentle guidance of thy holy laws;
 And, as he journeys through revolving years,
 Perceives thine empire strengthen and extend.
 Beloved friendship! object of my soul!
 Thou shalt, for ever, my companion be,
 Or, hand in hand with thee, the griefs and cares,
 That so imbitter the pursuits of life,
 Lose all their poignancy, and trifling grow.
 With thee I'd tread the desolated path,
 The mazy trackless wood, and not complain,
 And, without fainting, climb the steep ascent.

With thee, I'd cheerfully endure the toil,
 Which, in thine absence, would my force surpass;
 I'd cope with danger with a steady hand;
 Dauntless would scale the lofty tow'ring rock;
 And the tremendous precipice approach;
 For thy society disables fear,
 And fortifies the soul in all its acts.
 It makes us look on peril with contempt;
 Braces each nerve; emboldens ev'ry thought;
 Imparts new vigour to exhausted strength;
 Dispels the low'ring anxious clouds of doubt;
 The fiercest agonies of woe becalms;
 And with fresh lustre gilds the cheerful hour.
 What then is life without a real friend?
 A gift of naught—of estimation none!
 Or rather something which can pain endure,
 Without the prospect of approaching ease;
 Which has the sense to feel what mis'ry is,
 But not the hope to drive it from its seat.
 Downcast despondence darkens ev'ry scene,
 And sits enthron'd within th' expanded sphere
 Of fancy's reign.—On ev'ry side despair,

Revenge, distrust, and jealousy appal.
 Odious self-love lies brooding in the breast,
 And haunts to madness the distracted brain.
 No gen'rous impulse animates the mind;
 No cordial love, no sympathetic sense,
 Flows from the grateful and exhaustless spring
 Of dear benevolence; no ardent ray,
 By virtue's glowing sacred spark illum'd,
 Bursts forth to cheer the intellectual world;
 But all around a wilderness appears,
 A dreary den to which the fiends retreat,
 Where, rack'd with torture, they groan out complaint,
 And freeze with fear the functions of the frame.

Then let me, friendship, ever live with thee!
 Infuse thy balsam deeply in my soul!
 Let thy vibrations thrill through ev'ry nerve;
 Heat, with thy fervour, ev'ry torpid pulse;
 And, with thy kindness, ev'ry wound make whole.
 Thine unremitting vigilance confirms
 Whate'er is good, whate'er is ill allays.
 The shock of stern calamity it soothes;
 Sorrow it changes into placid ease;

And moderates the gusts of frantic mirth.
 The threat'ning storm of vengeful wrath it calm
 It teaches wisdom to the uninform'd;
 By steady counsel curbs the course of guilt;
 And wakes to being ev'ry genuine bliss.

Listen then, friendship, to my pray'r sincere
 May I, whilst sense and recollection last,
 Live in delightful intercourse with thee!
 May I, with heart-felt ecstasy, perceive
 Thy rays burn brighter as my years increase!
 And may the hour, which quenches thy pure fla
 Extinguish life itself! —

A

V I S I O N.

LAST night, at twelve, I laid me down to rest,
And soon was lock'd within the arms of sleep.
The sylphs and fairies straight began their work,
And this fair vision to my fancy gave.

Methought that, whilst reposing from fatigue,
In that sweet bow'r which graces — wood,
Profoundly musing, and revolving o'er
The strange events which chequer human life,
That Mary pass'd—Lightly she trod the ground;
Lightly as western gales which gently sweep
Across the surface of a verdant lawn,
Whilst roses seem'd to blossom where she walk'd.
Never was day more bright—no gloomy cloud
Was hov'ring near, the sun's rich blaze to dim;
But nature's landscape was serene and pure,
Pure and serene as lovely Mary's soul.

She mov'd with solemn, yet fantastic step,
 And, through each varying attitude and look,
 Nature and soft unstudy'd grace appear'd.
 An azure zone encircled her sweet form,
 And careless hung her garment from her waist,
 White as the lilies which the morning sun
 Has not yet seen to pilfer of their dew.
 Her bright luxuriant tresses floated down,
 Loose and dishevell'd, by the zephyrs dress'd.
 Her glowing eyes, where soft expression dwells;
 Where lives each chaste emotion of the soul;
 Where joy sits sparkling; or where sadness mourns;
 Where beams intelligence which mildly paints,
 Each female virtue, and each tender thought;
 On some important theme intent appear'd.
 Her cheek, where smiles and roses love to dwell,
 Was pale of hue, and serious was her brow,
 Most interesting when most serious.
 As the fond miser who regains the dross
 He lately lost, receives it with delight,
 And feasts his vision on the glitt'ring ore,
 With equal keenness, but with tenfold bliss,

Do I delight on Mary's face to dwell :
 For there I see, intelligibly drawn,
 By nature's pencil, held by nature's hand,
 Whate'er of sensibility and worth
 Th' ingenuous force of virtue can express
 In features form'd to captivate the soul.

Methought, that, as she gently glided past,
 Tow'rds me she chanc'd to turn.—I beckon'd her:
 She, with reluctant, modest steps, approach'd,
 More than half met by me.—Fortune seem'd kind:
 I told my tale—I told her how I lov'd,
 In language simple, but expressive too,
 Deck'd with no pompous ornament of style,
 But, as my feelings, vehement and warm.
 —She answered not—but kindly blush'd consent.
 The tide of joy in rapt'rous eddies play'd,
 And, like a torrent, rush'd upon my frame.
 The transport was too great for sleep to bear,
 And burst the bonds that held me in controul.

Ye sacred pow'rs! if any such there be,
 Who make poor mortals your peculiar care,
 Who over unsubstantial dreams preside,

And who, in dreams, sometimes reveal our fate,
O verify this vision of delight !
And render future happiness secure.
For if there be a sentiment on earth
Deserving of the sacred name of bliss,
'Tis when two souls, in virtuous love conjoin'd,
With mutual confidence, receive, and give,
The unbought treasure of sincere esteem.
For O what happiness can equal that,
When soul meets soul in ev'ry thought and deed,
When ecstasies and griefs divided are,
Refin'd the one, the other gentle made,
By sweet participation.—

EMILY.

where the gentle Emily is laid,
old as the bier on which her form is stretch'd.
these are thy trophies, base, unfeeling man!
rob by force, or circumvent by art,
and then desert the victim thou hast made.
Oh Emily possess'd a spotless soul,
and that glow'd with nature's gen'rous warmth,
nobly beat in virtue's glorious cause.
In pride and honour of her sex, she stood
prominent above those of equal age,
the fair promise of her future years
warm'd the fond heart of an indulgent sire.
Lived for her—for him, she seem'd to live;
every duty that a grateful child
receives, and feels, and owes, she duly paid.
The rose opens with the breath of spring,
and comes in beauty, elegance, and grace,

So did her person, by degrees, unfold.
 Guileless herself, she fondly thought the world
 Was kind, and good, and gen'rous, and sincere.
 What virtue seem'd, for virtue she mistook,
 And little guess'd, that what so often bears
 Of worth and innocence the outward garb,
 Is a mere cloke the hypocrite puts on,
 His deep laid plans to colour and conceal.
 But sad experience, which, soon or late,
 With brow contracted and with step resolv'd,
 Intrudes on all, at last to her appear'd,
 And told her, with his keen reproving tongue,
 How often virtue is by vice beguil'd.
 Her friends were num'rous, stedfast and sincere;
 And those, whose envy left no room for love,
 Could not withhold respect.—Thus life's fair dawn,
 Unoccupied by cares, pass'd smoothly on,
 Calm as the bosom of th' expansive main
 When gentle gales, from Zeph'rus' silken horn,
 Waft o'er its surface with continuous breath;
 Too soon, alas! a sad reverse to prove,
 And learn, knowledge most painful and severe!

How closely joy and sorrow are allied.
Scarce her fifth lustre had the maiden reach'd,
When Damon chanc'd her matchless form to view.
As the keen wolf, by cold and hunger pinch'd,
Whilst prowling, first the gentle lamb espies,
Yet dreads the sturdy keeper's watchful care;
So did false Damon dwell upon her charms,
Intent to rifle them of all their worth.
His manners graceful; elegant his form;
His mind with ev'ry lib'ral art endow'd;
He seem'd to tow'r above the youthful choir,
As the tall cedar, on the mountain's top,
Above the shrubs that flourish in the vale.
His words with eloquence persuasive flow'd,
Whilst the soft smile that linger'd on his cheek
Made silence sweet, and seem'd the certain pledge
Of pure sincerity and future bliss.
Oh! had his looks, by nature's finger trac'd,
Reveal'd th' ingenuous picture of his heart,
The gentle Emily had then been bless'd,
With specious promises and cunning lore,
For twelve long months his guilty plan he fram'd,

And, during that wide interval of time,
 Like the arch fiend who first seduc'd mankind,
 Left no device, no subtle art, untry'd,
 To vanquish prudence, and success insure.
 The innate graces of her spotless mind,
 The purity which in her breast prevail'd,
 Told him how hard, how difficult, the task:
 But Emily, whose gentle frame was form'd
 For kindest sympathy, and tend'rest love,
 For ev'ry soft emotion of the soul,
 All that informs, and raises, and refines
 Affection's sentiment, which, once awoke,
 In quick rotation circles round the heart,
 Was not insensible to Damon's charms.
 She thought him virtuous—she thought him true:
 She listen'd with an unsuspecting ear,
 And watch'd the glowing cadence as it fell,
 With winning flattery, from his perjur'd lips.
 She listen'd, till her guileless heart was caught:
 And, when her soul was melted down to love,
 And passion, for a moment, had dislodg'd
 The sacred guard suspicious reason plants

To strengthen and secure nice honour's post,
 In that weak moment like a thief he came;
 Not like the thief who stops you on the road,
 And asks your treasure, man oppos'd to man;
 But like the midnight robber, who invades
 The sacred, solemn, silent hour of rest,
 When darkness holds her solitary reign,
 And sleep shuts up suspicion's ears and eyes;
 In that weak moment, like a thief he came,
 And whilst bewilder'd, helpless, and disarm'd,
 Her doubts he silenc'd, and his end obtain'd.
 'Twas all he wish'd—the villain wish'd no more.
 His brutal passion, by possession cool'd,
 He loath'd the object he had just undone;
 And, smiling bitterness and keen contempt,
 He basely left her, never to return.
 Unhappy Emily too late perceiv'd
 The speechless horrors of her cruel fate.
 For three long days, and longer ling'ring nights,
 Her brain, the seat of phrensy and despair,
 Was rack'd by all the tortures that a mind,
 Pure and ingenuous, is doom'd to feel,

When conscience, with her penal terrors arm'd,
 Notes down to memory a guilty deed.
 A calmer interval of transient rest
 Succeeded to this painful, fitful scene :
 In three days more, her tender heart was broke,
 And the last words her faded lips pronounc'd,
 Invok'd the mercy of Almighty God,
 To judge with clemency, and spare the wretch
 Who had dishonour'd, and abandon'd her.
 Curses alight on his unhallow'd head!
 And may contempt and tortuous despair
 One day compel his callous heart to know,
 How keen an anguish conscience can inflict
 On him who acts a perjur'd villain's part.
 Curse on the wretch, whose harden'd brutal soul
 Can prompt him, with exterminating strength,
 To trample down the growing fruits of worth,
 And wound the feelings of an honest mind.
 How innocent the man who takes a life,
 Compar'd with him, who takes *from* life,
 Its highest value, an unblemish'd fame.
 Oh ! the sad day, though long perhaps deferr'd,

The day of reck'ning will surely come,
When he shall tremble whose delib'rate hand
Has snatch'd the wreath from virtue's honour'd brow,
And lost a soul to honesty and fame.
All the sad crimes his victim may commit,
By mis'ry hurl'd through deep degrees of vice,
Shall one day fall on his devoted head,
And ministers of vengeance shall contrive
To haunt his mind with unremitting plagues.
Go, Damon, go, and make thy peace with heav'n,
If yet it can be made!——
Think of a world to come;—and, by a life
Of future penitence and deep remorse,
Make some atonement for this damned deed!—



MISCELLANIES.

1

2

TO
CONTEMPLATION.

CONTEMPLATION, maid divine!
Let me offer, at thy shrine,
The pure tribute of a breast,
Often calm'd by thee to rest.
Oh could I, with Homer's fire,
Strike the lofty-sounding lyre,
Or, with Virgil's gentler hand,
Sweetly soothing sounds command,
Then would I, in no mean lays,
Sweep the chords, and sing thy praise;
Then would I an incense give,
Thou might'st glory to receive;
Then would I a wreath bestow,
Fit to grace thy sacred brow.
For, from thy mild converse hurl'd
Into folly and the world,
And, oblig'd the views to scan
Which allure unthinking man,

Pleasure only seems a name;
 Friendship an inconstant flame;
 All that happiness holds dear
 Seems in clouds to disappear;
 All that innocence makes gay,
 In perspective dies away;
 And no signs of bliss I see,
 Till, sweet maid, restor'd to thee.

In this sublunary ball
 Fortune's sceptre governs all.
 'Tis not what mankind possess,
 But the measure of success,
 Which to merit gives neglect,
 And to vice secures respect;
 Which, whilst knaves are sure to th
 Scarcely suffers worth to live.

Under virtue's borrow'd veil
 Crimes with sure success assail.
 Villains, with their cringing smile,
 Unsuspicious truth beguile,
 With their hypocritic guise,
 Safely tell their varnish'd lies,

And, conforming honour's test
To the views of interest,
Equally, to gain their end,
Bribe a foe, or cheat a friend.
Then how oft the wretch succeeds
By whose crimes a nation bleeds,
Who, with systematic art,
Screens the baseness of his heart,
Twines the laurel round his name,
Due to honourable fame;
And, with rogues to aid his cause,
Swindles popular applause:
Whilst the man, whose high-bred soul
Scorns to stoop to pow'r's controul;
Who from duty never shrinks,
Plainly speaking what he thinks;
Who, with patriotic zeal,
Watches o'er the common-weal;
With unceasing labour toils,
To compose intestine broils;
Who supports impartial laws;
Advocates an injur'd cause;

Strives to strengthen virtue's rule;
 To convince the heedless fool;
 And, before reform's too late,
 To reclaim the profligate;
 Often meets with disregard,
 Scarcely ever with reward.

When my mind, desiring ease,
 Flies such odious scenes as these,
 Then I hasten to the cell
 Where thou lovest most to dwell,
 Deep embosom'd in a wood,
 Compass'd round by solitude;
 Where, throughout the circling year,
 Fogs, nor rains, nor clouds, appear;
 Undisturb'd by fowler's snares,
 Philomela soothes her cares,
 Dauntless tells her love-sick tale,
 Whilst it echoes through the dale,
 And the gurgling brook glides by,
 Adding to the melody.
 Here, at eve, pale Cynthia gleams
 Through the trees with gentle beams;

Here, at morn, Sol's livelier ray
 Chases sable night away;
 All is placid and serene,
 Nature wears perennial green.
 Far remov'd from pride and hate,
 From the crooked crimes of state,
 Shelter'd from the ills of life,
 Envy pale and jarring strife,
 Bliss and sweet repose are found,
 Constant tenants of the ground.

Enter'd here, I quickly find
 Soft composure calm my mind,
 For thy energies controul
 Ev'ry movement of the soul.
 If tumultuous passions rage,
 Thou canst temper and assuage;
 If distracted sore with grief,
 Thou canst minister relief.
 Pomp, and vanity, and pow'r,
 Vanish with the fleeting hour;
 But thy pleasures will endure,
 Ever grateful, ever pure.

TO THE

MEMORY OF SHAKSPEARE .

ILLUSTRIOUS Avon! pure, immortal stream!
The pride of Warwick, and the poet's theme!
As I approach thy gay enamell'd meads,
Where health resides, and sportive fancy feeds,
Where nature's pencil paints th' enchanting scene=
With brightest azure, and with softest green,
I feel my heart, with sudden joy inspir'd,
With rapture fill'd, with admiration fir'd;
Mine eager sight on ev'ry side I throw,
And bless the hand that taught thee how to flow.

When I reflect, 'twas on this hallow'd ground,
That Shakspeare's genius first employment found,
A magic force impels my muse along,
And to the theme invokes my pow'rs of song.
Oh! could my verse an equal warmth impart,
Oh! could my numbers emulate his art,

Then should success my puny efforts crown,
And the bold strain be worthy his renown.

Shew me, ye Muses! graceful and refin'd,
Ye gentle Dryads! or ye Nais kind!
For ye have surely oft assembled round,
To hear his lyre pour forth its mellow sound,
Whilst his skill'd hand, with matchless science, flew
Among the chords, and notes of wildness drew;
Shew me those spots, on which, by fancy led,
The honour'd bard has oft repos'd his head;
Where, in his infant days, he oft has stray'd,
With genius rambled, or with pleasure play'd;
Where, as his strength and growing years advanc'd,
His searching soul through nature's empire glanc'd,
Ideas form'd, the charm of ev'ry age,
Which shine unrivall'd in his classic page,
By turns, which captivate the ear and heart,
And endless wonder to the mind impart.

The inspiration of his subtle flame
Reaches the finest fibres of the frame:
A son of freedom, unrestrain'd by rules,
He proudly scorns the dulness of the schools;

Disdaining art, to lovely nature true,
 He proves what nature unconfin'd can do.
 At his command, our passions rise and fall,
 His lines now charm, and now with dread appæ
 Now wring with woe, now elevate with joy,
 Now bliss create, and now all bliss destroy.
 With equal skill, secure his mark to hit,
 He deals out humour, or he flashes wit;
 Asserts o'er fancy an unbounded sway;
 Guides cautious reason through life's rugged way
 Knows the nice rules of honour to instil;
 And moulds the stubborn temper to his will.
 The storms of anger he at once can hush;
 He laughs at folly till he makes her blush;
 Controuls the reign of passions low and mean;
 With scorpion-whip chastises vice obscene;
 With sharp reproof can quick repentance raise;
 And strengthens virtue by his manly praise.

Illustrious Avon, pure, immortal stream!
 The pride of Warwick, and the poet's theme!
 Shakspeare's thy glory, he exalts thy name,
 And makes thee deathless on the rolls of fame.

ON
THE FREEDOM
OF THE
MENTAL FACULTIES.

WHAT can check th' aspiring flame
Which the spark of feeling feeds?
What can crush the love of fame
Which excites to noble deeds?

Chains may fractious nerves contemn,
And the stoutest hero bind;
But no human force can stem
The excursions of the mind.

Spite of tyrants' cruel art,
Thought shall flourish, genius swell
Still delight and warm the heart
Where the seeds of virtue dwell.

They resistless still shall roll,
Like the rapid foaming flood,
Scorning impotent controul,
Gaining strength the more withstoo

Still the patriot's mind shall glow,
Fill'd with freedom's sacred fires;
Still his gen'rous breast shall know
Bliss which worth alone inspires.

Bright conception, taste divine,
Fancy's grace, expression's charm,
Homer's thought, and Virgil's line,
Still the poet's soul shall warm.

Varied tints of light and shade,
Blended with consummate skill,
By a Raphael's pencil made,
Shall delight the painter still.

Still the architect shall view
 Angelo's * stupendous dome,
And the sculptor's mind renew
 Arts of ancient Greece and Rome.

Fancy still shall wildly rove,
 And the realms of ether seek ;
 Still the lover think of love,
 The sparkling eye and vermil cheek.

Though confin'd in darkest cell,
 Still shall magic colours grace ;
 All the witching charms that dwell
 In the lovely Mary's face.

* The dome of St Peter's at Rome was first imagined, and
 med into execution, by the daring genius of this extraor-
 ary man.

A MOTHER

TO

HER FAVOURITE LITTLE DAUGHT

LITTLE, pretty, prattling creature!

Endless source of joy and love,
Granted by benignant nature,
All my blessings to improve :

When I see thy charms and graces
Each succeeding day increase,
Joy all sense of grief effaces,
And all thoughts of sorrow cease.

When I hear thy little notions,
Undisguis'd by fear or art,
What a train of sweet emotions
Beats in my delighted heart !

Whether dancing, playing, singing,
 Always innocent and gay,
 Always some new pleasure bringing,
 Always charming care away.

That which in thy soul has being,
 Also lives within thine eyes;
 And thy looks and thoughts agreeing,
 Are unconscious of disguise.

Emblem of that golden season
 When the heart, with virtue fraught,
 Pointed out the use of reason,
 And obey'd what reason taught.

Mayst thou thus, beloved Helen!
 Ever from deceit keep free;
 And thy bosom be the dwelling
 Of unfeign'd simplicity.

All thy purity retaining,

Mayst thou silence doubts and fears,

And each grace and virtue gaining,

Better grow with growth of years.

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER
THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES
HAD TAKEN THE COMMAND
OF
THE AUSTRIAN ARMY,

At the Opening of the Campaign in 1799.

With tow'ring crest, and haughty brow,
False Gallia long prepar'd the stroke,
That aim'd to make all regions bow
Beneath her tyrannizing yoke.

By artful flattery cajol'd,
Kingdoms from honour's league withdrew,
And warlike nations, tam'd by gold,
Before her blood-stain'd banners flew.

With heaving heart, and head confus'd,
 Afraid to shew her rooted hate,
Whilst on futurity she mus'd,
 Trembling and pale, Europa sate.

Whilst weeping o'er her former pride,
 Her laws rever'd by ages fram'd,
Each muse, disconsolate, apply'd,
 And warmly her protection claim'd.

She view'd the chains her tyrants plann'd;
 She saw sedition wildly stare;
And murder, with determin'd hand,
 The deadly blow to strike prepare.

She saw retreat the arts amaz'd;
 Her polish'd towns and cities burn;
The daring sceptic's sword uprais'd,
 Religion's throne to overturn.

Britannia, great and unsubdu'd,
Her last and only hope remain'd,
For there a band of patriots stood,
Who freedom lov'd, and death disdain'd.

She kept the sigh of sorrow down,
And felt her soul with rapture glow,
Whilst dwelling on the laurel'd crown,
On Vincent's, Duncan's, Nelson's brow.

She saw their daring squadrons ride,
Old ocean's vast expanse explore,
Subduing France on ev'ry side,
And gaining fame on ev'ry shore.

But though for Albion's fate at ease,
And of her fav'rite daughter proud,
She felt her sinking spirits freeze,
And fearful watch'd th' impending cloud.

Thus many moons Europa pin'd,
Within her deepest cell retir'd,
Yet blessing ev'ry manly mind,
By Britain's bright example fir'd.

At length, a gen'rous hero came
To vindicate his country's right;
Bold Charles explor'd the road to fame,
And led his armies on to fight.

Quick as the lightning from the sky,
His martial ardour round him spread;
It taught his soldiers how to die,
Or glory's bright career to tread.

Astonish'd Gallia felt the shock,
And, shrinking from the battle's heat,
Her routed legions tow'rd's her flock,
And fast on ev'ry side retreat.

th! pursue thy glorious plan;
worthy of thy soul to trace;
the dearest rights of man,
comprehends the human race.

THE
BEGGAR'S PETITION.

O PITY the lot of a poor helpless child,
Who, e'en from her birth, has been destin'd to rove,
On whom fortune's favours have never once smil'd,
Who's sternly rejected by friendship and love.

Abandon'd from infancy's tenderest years,
No parents have taught me my duty to know;
The rose of my cheek is wash'd white with my tears;
My heart is quite broke with the weight of my woe.

A beggar I wander, from morning till night;
My clothes are in tatters, and bleak blows the wind;
My breast never thrill'd with the pulse of delight;
No comfort of hope ever gladden'd my mind.

When telling my tale, with a heart full of grief,
 Alas! to my sorrows no ear will attend;
 o hand is stretch'd out to afford me relief;
 I'm poor,—and can poverty boast of a friend?

Ah! where is compassion, that feeling divine,
 Which kindles the soul with the force of its ray,
 Which makes ev'ry virtue with energy shine,
 And prompts ev'ry hand to submit to its sway?

Ye great, and ye rich, oh protect me from shame!
 Redeem me from want! 'tis a child that applies;
 A female distress'd to your bounty lays claim;
 Her anguish console, wipe the tears from her eyes!

Avert not your hearts, be not deaf to my pray'rs!
 Perchance, before death, you may misery know;
 Then, whilst you've the power, O lighten my cares,
 And God will reward you for what you bestow.

THE
B L U S H.

SEE the gentle blush appearing
On the lovely Julia's face,
Ev'ry winning softness wearing,
Height'ning ev'ry charm and grace.

Glowing vapour! bright suffusion!
Which bespeaks the vital flame,
And betrays the sweet confusion
Love occasions in the frame!

Proof sincere of inward feeling,
Surest pledge of future bliss,
To the happy swain revealing,
Julia's thoughts accord with his!

Yes! 'tis thou that canst discover,
And the plainest answer give
To the anxious, doubting lover,
That his trembling hopes may live.

From the troubled bosom flying,
When it feels too much to bear;
And, by tacit signs, implying
What soft tumults riot there;

Thou it is that tellest whether
Love, in all its ardour, glow;
And if love and worth together
In one social current flow.

Ever with soft sighs attended,
And an eye that kindly greets;
Ever by the breast befriended
That with gen'rous passion beats;

'Tis thy modest, mild confession
Makes expiring hope revive;
'Tis thy warm and true expression
That keeps love itself alive.

TO
A L I N N E T.

WHY, tuneful warbler, take thy flight?
Return, and renovate delight
In my desponding soul!
Let harmony, unmix'd with fear,
Again enchant my raptur'd ear,
And sorrow's sway controul.

Let thy mellifluous notes impart
A balm to my afflicted heart,
And comfort's cordial bring!
Ah! why so tedious thy delay,
Why so unkindly dost thou stay,
Sweet harbinger of spring!

• When dreary winter's noisy storms
 Disturb'd thy breast with dread alarms
 Did I not kindly grant
 A shelter from th' inclement sky,
 A resting-place, both warm and dry,
 A safe retreat from want?

When shiv'ring frosts congeal'd the air,
 When snows augmented thy despair,
 Did I not furnish food?
 Wert thou not, tell me, kindly fed
 With rape and choicest crums of bread,
 In hope of gratitude?

In the vain hope that thou wouldst cheer
 My drooping spirits through the year
 With thy melodious song;
 That thou wouldst ever grateful prove
 For former tokens of my love,
 And my few joys prolong.

then doom'd in thee to find
an emblem of mankind,
ho, when the spring is near,
at the favours they receiv'd,
at how oft they were reliev'd,
then winter chill'd the year ?

ON
A WATCH STRING,
PRESENTED ME BY A LADY.

THOUGH here no glaring jewels shine,
Nor sparkles here the splendid ore,
Not any gem that gilds the mine
Could make me value it the more.

I prize it for its modest air,
True emblem of the donor's mind,
Where all I find that's pure and fair,
But nothing false or futile find.

But most I prize it for the hand
That wove it out with dex'trous skill,
With simple taste the pattern plann'd,
And then bestow'd with sweet good will.

ON
M A R Y.

O HAD I Titian's skill to trace
A picture without fault or flaw,
A perfect form, a perfect face,
I then would Mary's portrait draw!

Or had I Milton's pow'r of song,
Where strength with melody combin'd,
I'd sing, in numbers soft yet strong,
The nobler graces of her mind.

For none but Titian's art could paint
Her eyes, her mouth, her shape, her air;
His art alone could represent
So sweet a form, a face so fair.

And Milton's muse alone could tell
Her graceful ease, her polish'd art,
Her soul, where all attractions dwell,
And prostrate lays the proudest heart.

MY WISHES.

For fortune's favours let the crowd contend,
And blindly run through folly's wild career,
My wishes all, are Mary, and a friend,
And wealth enough to journey through the year

With these, how happily would life flow on;
Time in despondence never could be spent;
And mem'ry, whilst reviewing seasons gone,
Would find no cause to murmur or repent.

For these would ev'ry honest wish command ;
Hope's flow'ry path instruct me to pursue ;
Some blessing then would ever be at hand,
And some dear object ever in my view.

Ofttimes with Mary I'd delighted sit,
And all those exquisite enjoyments prove,
Which spring from genius, fancy, taste, and wit,
Refin'd, enlighten'd, and endear'd by love.

Or with my friend, discoursing o'er a bowl,
My joys and sorrows I would freely paint,
Reveal the inmost purpose of my soul,
Unfetter'd by the shackles of restraint.

Or with them both, whilst sitting in a ring,
Our social converse should the hours beguile,
With them I'd laugh, with them I'd gaily sing,
Or gravely talk, or share the sportive smile.

The same sound chain of candour should unite
Our willing hearts, and, scorning base deceit,
Those cordial feelings we'd alone invite,
Which fix attachment firmer in its seat.

My wealth would be sufficient for my wants;
With prudence I might e'en a portion spare,
To gratify those instincts nature plants,
When pleading for the victim of despair.

With what true rapture would I grant relief,
 Dismiss the tear of sorrow from his eye,
 Pluck from his breast the cank'ring worm of grief,
 And then infuse the healing balm of joy.

Sweet sensibility I'd ne'er repress,
 Nor from those grateful offices withdraw,
 Which cheer the soul of virtue in distress,
 And own obedience to compassion's law.

Of seasons mindless, time should slip away,
 Whilst I sail'd down contentment's placid strea
 And whether Sol should hasten or delay
 His brilliant course, I nought amiss should dee

For if I found the summer's sky too warm,
 To some sequester'd grove I would retire;
 Nor should the cold in winter do me harm,
 For then I'd heap more coals upon my fire.

Thus free from cares which so molest the great,
And smiling at their frivolous parade;
Whilst they were fretting in the glare of state,
I would recline with comfort in the shade,

For 'tis not pride nor riches that can make
The soul's keen vision to misfortune blind;
The only bliss no pow'r on earth can shake
Is that which springs from a well govern'd mind.

A conscience that sits dauntless on its throne;
A breast with gen'rous sympathy that glows;
A mind unfearful what it thinks to own;
These are the genuine sources of repose.

Nor would I envy sycophants who seek
For tears of sorrow, whilst the heart is glad,
And paint the smile of mirth upon the cheek,
When things go crossly, and the soul is sad.

For if dejected, why should I conceal

The grief that springs spontaneous in my heart?
If glad, why not acknowledge what I feel,
And what I feel to those I love impart?

Then these my wishes are, and these my wants;

But should my life less cheering views unfold,
I'll still be thankful for what heaven grants,
For this is wisdom—at least so I hold.

THE DREAM.

(WRITTEN AT SEA.)

I LAY down to rest, but the agent that closes
The eyes of the sailor, and hard toiling hind,
That on the young lids of contentment reposes,
And locks up the sober pursuits of the mind,

Deny'd me his aid; and, whilst linger'd the hours,
I ponder'd o'er many a wo-begone theme;
At last, he display'd a rude sketch of his pow'rs,
And harass'd my soul with the following dream.

Pitch dark was the night, and the high waves wereswelling
With fury that no mortal art could controul,
When creeping together, we soon began telling
Such stories as chill with amazement the soul.

H

Of the mariner's hardships, the blood-streaming ~~bar~~ ~~le~~,
Of death in each ghastly and horrible shape,
Of the raging of storms, and the wind's howling ~~rate~~ ~~e~~,
Of the numbers that fall, and the few that escape ~~—~~

On rapine and murders we also descanted,
On sprites, and the bog-swamping will-o-the-wisp ~~—~~
On the green mantled moat round the castle enchanted ~~—~~
Tales told to scare children before they can lisp.

Such stories as these we were fast running over,
Assisting with fiction what truth had deny'd,
Relating how fortune had jilted the lover,
Or still more severely had treated the bride:

When crack went the cordage; the masts were all shiver'd;
The pumps could no longer subdue the wide leak;
The last gleam of safety within the breast quiver'd;
And down we all went in despair with the wreck.

I woke, and I woke to the charms of creation,
 A bright azure sky, and a soft summer's day;
Joy instant return'd, and the mind's agitation
 On the wings of light zephyr was wafted away.

ON
A LITTLE BIRD.

(WRITTEN AT SEA.)

Poor little, gentle, timid thing!
That comest here with drooping wing;
That flutt'rst round in many a ring,
 With panting breast;
That dost thy meek petition bring,
 And beggest rest.

Full many a long mile hast thou flown
O'er the wide ocean, all alone;
Full many a dreary night hast known
 Affliction's load;
Full many a chilling blast has blown,
 On the rude road.

Nor hadst thou any constant mate,
 To ease thy cares, to share thy fate,
 To keep the charm of hope elate
 The way along,
 Or joy within thy breast create
 With kindred song.

And yet thou lightest boldly here,
 For hunger triumphs over fear,
 As wretchedness, when most severe,
 Can sudden stop
 The heaving sigh, or starting tear,
 That down would drop.

No pow'r can instinct's force benumb :
 Thou vent'rest nearer still to come ;
 Thy ready bill the proffer'd crum
 With joy receives,
 And seems to thank the hand, though dumb,
 For what it gives.

**And quickly now thy ill retire ;
Thy beaming eye-balls flash with fire;
Thy mellow throat rejoins the quire
 With vocal strain;
Thy throbbing breast seems to respire
 With health again.**

But ah! too late was brought the aid!
Again the cheering symptoms fade;
Nor life within his frame delay'd
The fitting breath;
The morning sun beheld him made
A prey to death.

But first the little creature flew
Around, and quite familiar grew,
And perch'd upon the hand he knew
Had giv'n him food,
And try'd, by ev'ry art, to shew
His gratitude.

Sweet feeling of the social frame !
O could thy pure and gen'rous flame
The voice of base detraction shame,
 And odious strife;
The views of hate and malice tame;
 How blest were life!

THE
INVOCATION.

ARISE sons of valour! O quickly arise!

'Tis this dear land of freedom, your country that calls,
In a strain that invokes both the brave and the wise,
In a strain that the heart of the traitor appalls.

Then far be the thought from the quick-kindling soul,
Bound fast in the toils of inaction to lie:
He starts forth to glory, resolv'd to controul
The foes of his country, or honour'd to die.

Who fears in the noble contention to arm,
Let him straight from the lists of the valiant retire;
For with him independence can boast of no charm,
Nor can any proud feeling of nature inspire.

'Tis the cause of religion and order that pleads;
 'Tis the cause of the aged, the helpless, the fair;
 Then, blest be the generous bosom that bleeds!
 And curst be the coward that droops in despair!

For the fiend of oppression would ransack our rights;
 'Gainst the throne of high heaven he wages fell war;
 In torture, in rapine, in death he delights,
 And Britons, like slaves, would enchain to his car.

He would banish fair freedom disgrac'd from our isle,
 This isle where her temple for ages has stood;
 At the carnage of virtue and beauty would smile,
 Whilst the horrors of bondage were track'd in our blood.

Those laws which our mighty forefathers obtain'd;
 That religion for which they long struggled and bled;
 With the unhallow'd sword of revenge would be stain'd,
 And the hopes of the living entomb'd with the dead.

But ne'er shall this happen, whilst honour is priz'd;
 Whilst the deep voice of virtue to duty excites;
Whilst, in freedom's just cause, even death is despis'd
 Or the soul in the high deeds of glory delights.

The base despot shall shrink before valour's firm shock
 Britain's sons shall the land of their ancestors save
Pure freedom shall flourish firm fix'd as the rock,
 And the laurel shall circle the brow of the brave.

Then rise, sons of valour! O quickly arise!
 'Tis this dear land of freedom, your country that call
In a strain that invokes both the brave and the wise;
 In a strain that the heart of the traitor appalls.

TO
F. M. H.
WITH
HAYLEY'S TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER.

To thee, my never-failing friend,
To thee, dear girl! this book I send,
Wherein, with colours chaste yet free,
Hayley's sweet muse has painted thee:
For whilst Serena's charms impart
Whate'er can win, or fix the heart,
Through each bold stroke, or soften'd shade,
Thy lovely likeness is portray'd.

The gentle breast by taste refin'd;
The beauties of a spotless mind;
Offenceless ease, unstudy'd grace;
The witching charms of form and face;
The constant heart, the yielding thought,
With ev'ry gen'rous feeling fraught;

The ore that from affection's mine
 Is drawn to polish souls like thine;
 That bliss, by thee so understood,
 That speechless bliss of doing good,
 Through which benevolence beams forth,
 And acts unconscious of its worth;
 Such subjects grace the poet's song,
 Led by his willing muse along.

But chiefly where the bard has shewn
 His skill, and native strength made known,
 Is where his numbers have exprest
 That virtue which sublimes the rest;
 A temper of the happiest cast,
 A temper never yet surpass'd,
 Of pow'r to regulate the soul,
 Inspire what's right, what's wrong controul,
 The zeal of malice to disarm,
 And heighten sacred friendship's charm.

And here again I plainly see
 The genuine counterpart of thee.
 Thus, when the rich possession shines,
 Array'd in Hayley's graceful lines,

The theme with rapture still I view,
For still I find the colouring true.

With subtle course, throughout thy frame,
This placid virtue spreads its flame ;
The charities of life unfolds ;
The firm knit chain of love upholds ;
To ev'ry valued joy gives birth,
Of comfort, or delight on earth ;
And when, sweet girl ! ordain'd to move
From earth, to join the realms above,
'Twill teach thee heavenly bliss to share,
And make thee rival angels there.

TO
F. M. H.
ON
THE BED OF SICKNESS.

GENTLEST of creatures! could my muse
The rosy tints of health diffuse
On thy pale cheek, and make thine eye
A constant source of beaming joy;
Could she make ling'ring pain retreat,
And the quick pulse more calmly beat;
Certain as now I deeply mourn,
Should health with beaming joy return.
But Nature does to thee resort,
To prove what patience can support;
To teach to suffering human kind
The blessings of a stoic mind;
By thine example to declare,
What christian fortitude can bear.

Yet winter now resigns command,
And summer comes to bless the land,
To ease the sick'ning soul from pain,
To multiply Hygeia's train.
As Eurys' angry blasts retire, '
Less ardent burns the fever's fire,
And with the genial western gales
Recruited strength again prevails.
How will thy friends rejoice to hear,
When health returns, the heart to cheer
Of one, so lov'd by all who know
To love whate'er is priz'd below.
Blest is the hour when that shall be!
By many blest, but most by me!
For none like me can know thy worth;
Not even those who gave thee birth.
They knew thee in thine infant years,
Alternate source of hopes and fears,
Fears, by thy virtues soon suppress'd,
But hopes, which have been doubly bless'd.
They knew thee as a lovely maid,
In all thy modest charms array'd,

With ev'ry gentle grace endow'd,
 That makes a parent justly proud.
 But I have known a tend'rer name;
 I hold thee by a stronger claim,
 A claim that's register'd above,
 The plighted faith of wedded love.

Oh! how the treasur'd thought of wife
 Endears the various ties of life,
 Awakens ev'ry chaste desire,
 Which love or friendship can inspire :
 For all that most the soul delights,
 Attachment's fondest wish requites,
 Makes sorrow calm, or hope elate,
 Combines to bless the nuptial state.
 There ev'ry feeling warmer flows ;
 There ev'ry virtue brighter glows ;
 There mutual love of mutual joys
 A never-failing source supplies ;
 Of happiness expands the sphere,
 And makes enjoyment doubly dear.
 There also constancy is seen,
 With anxious heart, but look serene,

Prepar'd with silent zeal to watch
The proper mode and time to catch,
When grief, from first impressions freed,
Of consolation stands in need.
'Tis thus she dries the swelling tear;
Makes sorrow's dark horizon clear;
Contracts the bounds of mis'ry's reign;
And even lulls the pang of pain.

I've known thee as a mother too
 Duty's engaging task pursue;
 Whilst fondling, train a darling child,
 And teach her with instruction mild,
 As she her little thoughts displays,
 Closely to cling to virtue's ways;
 Like thee, her temper to controul,
 And in her features paint her soul.

Beloved girl! in thee I hold
 A treasure, far surpassing gold!
 Gold may allure the miser's heart,
 And to his sordid mind impart
 A transient glimpse of vulgar joy,
 Which doubts disturb, which fears destroy;

But thou canst bear the soul away
To regions, where the living ray
Of bliss the cheering prospect gilds,
Which worth on virtue's basis builds.

Each day some unknown grace reveals;
Affection more securely seals;
Opes some fresh treasure's ample store,
To make me value thee the more;
To make thy merits brighter shine;
And closer knit thy heart to mine;
To make me add, whilst I approve,
Esteem and reverence to love.

PASTORALS.

1

I.

LET the sluggard in sleep close his eyes,
And recline on his pillow of down,
Whilst I, happier, each morning arise
With the healthy and diligent clown.
For I like to attend to the lark,
As he cheerfully warbles his song,
And the clear gelid stream to remark,
As it rolls in meanders along.

For I like to contemplate the trees
With their branches all sparkling with dew ;
And to taste of the pure bracing breeze,
And Aurora's deep blushes to view :
To observe how the tender plants thrive,
From the moment the day is begun ;
How the flow'rets, by thousands, revive,
As they bask in the beams of the sun.

O! what pleasure I take to observe,
 Whilst around me my vision I throw,
 Nature's form full of freshness and nerve,
 And each landscape with cheerfulness glow;
 Or near banks of sweet thyme to delay,
 At my leisure remarking the bee,
 Till, o'erloaded, she wings her slow way
 Tow'rds her home with a heart full of glee.

How my soul with fresh ecstasy beats,
 When I stray with the flocks in the field,
 And regale on the odorous sweets
 Which the harebells and primroses yield;
 Or when, thoughtful, I visit the farm,
 Where I see the blithe peasant rejoice,
 Whilst he finds in each labour a charm,
 And lulls care with the sound of his voice.

I delight to remark how the flail
 Makes the valley resound with its stroke,
 Whilst the milkmaid hies home with her pail,
 And the oxen submit to the yoke;

Or to list to the caw of the rook,
 Or dame partlet's less musical throat,
 Or the gurgling complaints of the brook,
 Or the stockdove's soft querulous note.

With what rapture I wander along,
 Midst the serpentine shades of the grove,
 Whilst I tune up my pastoral song
 To the praise of the maiden I love!
 How I ponder on all her bright charms,
 How con over new lessons of art,
 By whose aid I may win to my arms
 The dear angel that lives in my heart!

Say then, who, that has feeling or taste,
 Would in sleep's dull oblivion be drown'd,
 Or time's bounties so lavishly waste,
 At the season when pleasures abound?
 For all these are the pleasures I gain
 For the sleep that I wisely forego,
 Cheering pleasures which banish much pain,
 And which, sluggards! ye never can know.

II.

As young Myra sat mourning and weeping,
Alone on a rivulet's side,
Anxious Theodore could not help peeping,
When, by chance, he the maiden espy'd;
For she had but that morning protested,
She never could love him again,
That she need not be teas'd or molested,
As sighs and entreaties were vain.

Her long tresses were rudely dishevell'd,
Her poor heart was throbbing with woe;
On her bosom the soft zephyrs revell'd
In bliss, as they pass'd to and fro.
Her new crook was flung down in disfavour;
All peace to her mind was deny'd;
And the garland, that Theodore gave her,
Was carelessly laid at her side.

Her whole frame in convulsions was heaving ;
 Each sigh seem'd as if 'twere the last ;
 And she prov'd, by her manner of grieving,
 How much she regretted the past.
 When she thought how her Theodore parted,
 Too piercing to bear was the pang,
 And the tear from its coral cell started,
 As thus she disconsolate sang.

' Oh, my Theodore, how could I ever
 Consent such harsh language to use,
 Since my heart plainly proves I can never
 Be happy, unless you excuse ?'
 The young swain, who was panting with ardour,
 And gazing, with warmth, on her charms,
 In wild ecstasy sprang from the arbour,
 And clasp'd the fond maid in his arms.

Gentle Myra was so much confounded,
 Was so much disturb'd with surprise,
 That she scarce knew the sweet voice that sounded,
 And fear'd to put faith in her eyes.

But no sooner herself she collected,
And Theodore's features survey'd,
Than, each moment, she felt less dejected,
Each moment she felt less afraid.

They began by most bitterly chiding,
And each strove, in turn, to complain;
But their anger in fondness subsiding,
Poor Myra was happy again.
All her pangs were exchange'd for soft blisses,
From love's inexhaustible store,
And they seal'd their agreement with kisses,
And promis'd to quarrel no more.

III.

ATTEND, ye shepherds! whilst I sing,
In true and artless measure,
The source from which afflictions spring,
As well as boundless pleasure.
'Tis love that makes us burn or freeze;
Enlivens, or depresses;
Allots to mortals pain, or ease;
That curses, or that blesses.

O! when a tender, social heart,
Is doom'd in love to languish,
When hope denies her healing art,
What words can paint its anguish?
Then, joy retreats with feeble ray,
And, cares and griefs assailing,
Life's cheering prospects melt away
In sighs, and tears, and wailing.

But when two souls together blend,
 Away flits moping sadness,
And hope's gay visions never end,
 For all is bliss and gladness.
Then, life's a scene so smooth and sweet,
 With care there's no communion,
And thoughts, and hearts, and wishes meet
 In one soft link of union.

Since then, ye shepherds! love bestows
 Such vary'd joys and sorrows,
Trust one, who, from experience, knows
 Its transports and its horrors.
O do not, do not, basely rove,
 In quest of wealth or station,
But seek the girl, who gives, for love,
 A soul of true sensation!——

IV.

DAMON, rous'd from broken slumbers,
On a bank of turf reclin'd,
Thus breath'd out, in mournful numbers,
The effusions of his mind.
' Where's the worth of earthly treasure?
Flocks, and lawns, and meads, adieu!
Source no longer now of pleasure,
Since my Sylvia is not true.

Once 'twas her delight to render
Incense at love's sacred shrine;
For her bosom once was tender,
And in union beat with mine.
Soft expressive looks revealing
Warm affection's gen'rous flame,
Ev'ry kind and gentle feeling
Was the inmate of her frame.

Then, my days, in smooth succession,
 On the wings of pleasure flew;
 Then my heart knew no depression,
 No sharp pangs of anguish knew.
 With instinctive truth caressing,
 With firm friendship soothing care,
 Ev'ry pure and lasting blessing
 'Twas my wish with her to share.

But, alas! what frail dependance
 Can we place on earthly joys?
 Fortune, with supreme ascendance,
 Favours now, and now destroys.
 Sylvia is no longer guided
 By the vows her lips once made;
 Love and honour have subsided,
 From her faithless breast have stray'd.

Yes! the cruel nymph has left me,
 For a false and fickle swain;
 Has of all my peace bereft me,
 Peace I ne'er can know again.

with soul sincere I courted;
st my heart I freely gave;
with my feelings sported,
. I hasten to the grave.——

1

1

ELEGIES.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including the names of the authors and the titles of the works.

I.

TIME was, when life in happiest thoughts was past,
When months, and hours, and fleeting moments flew
On wings of joy, of joy design'd to last,
And all was rapture that my bosom knew.

Then Nature's face, or clouded, or serene,
Could not disturb the temper of my mind;
For all was then through some sweet medium seen,
That cast the canker of my cares behind.

Thrice happy season! sweet delicious days!
When childhood caroll'd, bless'd with health and peace,
When ev'ry object was a source of praise,
And ev'ry care obtain'd a quick release.

Heav'n in my joys did various charms infuse;
 All nature to delight me seem'd design'd;
 The meanest trifle could my heart amuse,
 And sooth the latent anguish of my mind.

Or if rude passions rose within my breast,
 A word, a look, could check their proud career;
 And all my little sorrows were express'd
 By the short symbol of a falling tear.

How chang'd, alas! is ev'ry cheerful scene!
 How sadly now is all around revers'd!
 Bare is the spot that late was cloth'd with green,
 Where pleasure frolic'd, and content was nurs'd

No longer now for comfort need I seek;
 For thorns spring up where erst the rose was grown
 The glow of health has left my faded cheek,
 And all the sunshine of my life is gone.

Conflicting passions now distract my soul,
 And tow'rd's my frame in tides of ruin rush,
 Of ruin, which disdains my weak controul,
 Which neither strength can quell, nor opiates hush.

For years have gather'd, and, as years have roll'd,
 Knowledge and observation have combin'd,
 The world's dissembling cunning to unfold,
 And make me hate the meanness of mankind.

See the rich, with plenty's bounty stor'd,
 Disdainful turn from mis'ry's pleading pray'r,
 And waste on crimes what might relief afford
 From want, and pain, and slow-consuming care.

See the basely proud, th' ignobly great,
 Look down with scorn on those of humble birth,
 And guilt conspicuous, as in pride and state,
 And squand'ring life without one deed of worth.

I see the cringing coward lick the ground,
 To please an idol vice alone records;
 I hear the tongue of sneaking flatt'ry sound,
 And curse the wretch who so distorts his words.

I hear of friendship's, and of honour's cause,
 For some degrading interest betray'd;
 I see the prosp'rous villain meet applause,
 And modest merit wither in the shade.

I hear of virtue barter'd out for gain;
 Of female beauty to a dotard sold;
 Of parents who let nature plead in vain,
 And prostitute their progeny for gold.

Oh! then, for ever let me bid adieu
 To such a world, where scenes like these arise,
 Where justice, honour, ev'ry feeling true,
 Is blasted by the baleful breath of vice:

kind pow'rs! convey me to some spot,
love, in all its genuine fervour, beats;
envy, hatred, malice, are forgot,
friendship with a kindred feeling meets.

II.

TIR'D of the world and all its futile joys,
Of pleasures which the base and idle seek,
Far from my breast be folly's trivial toys,
And let for once the voice of reason speak.

Let me to wholesome solitude retire,
And there, with wisdom's searching eye, survey
Those worthless scenes that kindle fancy's fire,
To which my feelings have been long a prey.

Let truth and virtue, like the sun's bright orb,
Warm and illume, where I am cold and blind,
The noxious mists of prejudice absorb,
And clear the clouded mirror of my mind.

Let sage experience solemnly depict

How hateful vice, how lovely virtue's charm;

How *that* can torture on the soul inflict,

How *this* can torture of its sting disarm.

Ye sacred groves! ye happy tranquil vales!

Where peace and innocence securely dwell,

Where no rude storm, no envious shaft assails,

Where fortune ventures not her lies to tell;

To your safe covert will I bend my way,

With willing soul; nor shall ambition there,

The watchful sense of judgment lead astray,

Amuse my fancy, or my heart ensnare.

Blest be the hamlet that, in peace, contains

The harmless tenants of the rustic scene,

Who flee the spot where vice in triumph reigns,

And love or hate, as man is just or mean!

They follow virtue's plain, unerring guide;
 With warmth support neglected merit's cause;
 Approve the soul where honest thoughts reside;
 And own the sway of sacred friendship's laws.

No jarring int'rests break their midnight sleep;
 No scandal sparkles at their homely meals;
 They laugh at joy; at misery they weep;
 Each heart knows pity, for each bosom feels.

They rise, in health, unvex'd by envious cares;
 They work, with cheerfulness, throughout the day
 With friends a friend his little fortune shares,
 And life is past in innocence away.

With simple wit they tell the merry tale,
 Express their feelings in the words of truth,
 Proclaim the thoughts which in the heart prevail,
 In age are cheerful, and discreet in youth.

know, and practise, those great moral rules,
 which all perceive, which all must comprehend;
 though unlearn'd in logic of the schools,
 to love a parent, and protect a friend.

truly grateful is the calm they know,
 compar'd with passions pride and riches bring,
 which deceit and anxious envy flow,
 to drive troubled waters from a noxious spring!

rich, the great, the falsely brave and wise,
 outward pomp and purchas'd tinsel shine;
 pierce the flimsy texture of disguise,
 and view the trivial ornaments within.

but behold, and mark how faintly burn
 those hallow'd fires, which cleanse the soul from stain;
 all'd we startle, and enough we learn,
 to sigh for peace and privacy again.

III.

TALK not to me of justice from mankind !

I know too well the beaten track they take :
Where plenty dwells, the servile crowd I find ;
The lot of poverty they all forsake.

Oh 'tis the way, the hollow, sneaking way,
With flatt'ry's paint the titled fool to daub ;
Deep rev'rence to the wealthy knave to pay ;
And sneer at merit in a tatter'd garb.

When fortune favours, all is perfect found ;
Praise is bestow'd, no matter what the deeds ;
With virtue rogues, and dolts with wit abound,
Sure as the sun from east to west proceeds.

'Tis the prerogative the great one claims,
 The pliant sounds of language to command;
 Spare poverty must shrink from lofty aims,
 And be content with what is found at hand.

Behold the mansion of ill-gotten pow'r,
 Where riot's sons the guilty scene prolong;
 They feast, they drink, in revels pass the hour,
 The high dome echoes with the festive song.

Where lux'ry holds her desolating sway;
 There pamper'd stomachs no remission find;
 Profusion, laughing, squanders wealth away,
 Like chaff the tempest scatters to the wind.

Next view the prison—there deserted lies
 The wretch, condemn'd to penury and pain;
 No ray of comfort steals across his eyes;
 He looks for friends, but looks, alas! in vain.

Within his breast alternate horrors brood ;
 His mind is tortur'd with a thousand fears;
 His couch is straw, unwholesome bread his food;
 His drink is water, mingled with his tears.

His sad, desponding, agonizing soul
 The mansion is, from which e'en hope has fled:
 Who stoops to hand him consolation's bowl?
 Who stoops to place a pillow for his head?

No! let him linger!—for his haggard mien
 Bespeaks for service no corrupting fee;
 Then, why should lying flattery be seen
 With want, and rags, and wretches such as he?

Why should she modulate her pliant tongue,
 To sound the fawning complimenting strain?
 Why should the note of cheerfulness be sung,
 When ev'ry hope of recompense is vain?

Fly then, base strumpet! to the couch of ease,
 And stretch thy limbs on cushions of repose:
 The guilty bosom can in sunshine freeze,
 And, spite of lux'ry, feel the weight of woes.

Though nurs'd in all that riches can afford,
 Though seated under canopies of kings;
 Still justice holds the hair suspended sword;
 Still guilt has punishment, reflection stings.

Boast as thou wilt—I ever will prefer
 My lowly sphere to that of fortune's fool,
 Her whims to brook, to be the slave of her,
 Of vice the victim, or of knaves the tool.

If poor and humble, still I comfort find;
 For though my pittance be but small, 'tis sure;
 I've still the honest treasures of my mind,
 My hopes are stedfast, and my conscience pure.

There the clear stream of happiness can glide,
And I sail on, from squalls and tempests free;
My little bark needs neither wind nor tide;
No slave to fortune—it depends on me.

IV.

THE storm arose; the shades of darkness spread;
 The lightning blaz'd; the bolting thunder roar'd;
 Nor peaceful left the mansions of the dead,
 And frightful chaos seem'd again restor'd.

THE pealing rain, to mighty torrents swell'd,
 Came rattling down the mountain's shaggy side;
 Destruction's hand confusion's sceptre held,
 And on the whirlwind horror seem'd to ride.

THE stoutest tenants of the shady wood
 Were torn with fury from their native soil;
 The antique tow'r, that had for ages stood,
 Seem'd now to time the fast approaching spoil.

Aghast I gaz'd, when suddenly appear'd
 A spectre, pale, and sorrow-worn, and weak,
 With rags disfigur'd, and with grime besmear'd,
 And skinny famine preying on his cheek.

His eyes were raw, and meagre was his form,
 His head bent downward with the weight of ~~age~~ age;
 Yet fear'd he not the terrors of the storm,
 He brav'd its dangers, and defy'd its rage.

Far other thoughts his harass'd soul employ'd;
 He car'd but little for what fate could do;
 Tempests might howl where thunders had destroy'd,
 No earthly change could aggravate his woe.

The secret sorrow that his mind contain'd,
 To me he seem'd desirous to confide;
 But heavy grief his fault'ring tongue restrain'd,
 And to his voice its wonted sound deny'd.

length, he cry'd, with clench'd uplifted hands,
 Can it, O justice ! be thy stern design,
 That vice on fortune's lofty summit stands,
 That worth in woe and squalid want should pine ?

Why will that poverty should shrink
 From the torture of oppression's gripe,
 That dregs of abject misery drink,
 And shed the tear which no one comes to wipe ?

How long must innocence affliction feel ;
 How long all hope of comfort be deny'd ;
 How long, unheard, before thine altar kneel,
 The sport of folly, and the scorn of pride ?

Angels, thank heav'n ! have nearly reach'd their close ;
 And heav'n's arm, uplifted, is prepar'd to strike ;
 And this is the grave where all alike repose,
 Where wealth and poverty must fare alike !

On me no longer can a world severe
Vent the rude torrent of its cold disdain ;
Nature in me has finish'd her career,
Nor long I wait a calmer shore to gain.

But the sad duty which I owe my friends,
The fear I suffer for their future fate,
Beyond the confines of the grave extends,
And makes me plead for their deserted state.

Behold the cot that stands in yonder vale,
(My bosom bleeds the story to unfold)
There gloomy grief and sharp disease assail ;
There want and pain their tort'ring empire hold.

O, gentle stranger! if thy breast e'er beat
With pity for the suff'rings of a friend,
If sorrow's tale e'er made compassion sweet,
O listen now, and let the tear descend!

For there poor Emma, with distracted head,
 Implores protection from oppression's law;
There infant innocence cries out for bread;
 There Henry lingers on a couch of straw.

Consum'd by sickness, penury, and woe,
 They soon must pay their tribute to the grave;
Grim death, with triumph, sees the sad tear flow,
 And only dreads that mercy yet may save.

Amid the horrors that surround his throne,
 With savage soul, which tears nor pray'rs can bend,
He counts each pang, impatient hears each groan,
 And hurries time the ling'ring scene to end.'

I starting woke—and found my ears misled,
 Too much accustom'd to a mournful theme;
The light return'd; the horrid spectre fled;
 And joy inform'd me all was but a dream.

This was a dream—yet many scenes there are,
Which truth presents, as far remov'd from bliss;
Oh! could I ease the *real* pang of care,
And make it baseless, and a dream like this!

V.

THE carriage stops—I make my custom'd round;
 The hill ascend, approach the village church;
 Hear the deep knell of time's departure sound;
 Whilst for the moral epitaph I search.

For, from my youth, I ever was dispos'd
 To cherish lonely and unsocial thought,
 On cheerless scenes, with fondness, have repos'd,
 And lov'd the precepts melancholy taught.

Or if I wish'd to mingle with mankind,
 'Twas not with great ones or the flatt'ring throng;
 'Twas with the simple, but true-hearted, hind,
 I chose the ling'ring moment to prolong.

To hear him dwell upon his little farm;
To hear him boast the culture of his fields,
His flocks, his herds, and ev'ry rural charm,
The flowing rill or fruitful meadow yields.

But here I found no simple hind appear,
With language plain, but hospitable will;
No human trace could I discover near,
The barn was silent, and the landscape still.

'Twas silence all—save where the rippling stream,
To its own music gaily roll'd along;
Save where the linnet tun'd his morning theme,
And echo pleas'd as sweetly trill'd the song.

I onward loiter'd, musing on the cause
Of such strange solitude on village land,
So oft the busy circus of applause,
Bestow'd on merit by the rustic band.

•

Whilst pond'ring thus, I suddenly perceiv'd,
In various groups, collected young and old;
Each look implying how each bosom griev'd,
 And tears revealing more than language told.

Remorseless ruin was around display'd;
 Thick smoke in volumes rose from flames subdu'd;
 For last night's lightning had the havoc made,
 And caus'd the scene which all, lamenting, view'd.

Before the rest, despondent and forlorn,
 As I advanc'd, an aged swain drew near;
 His silver hair was by his rude hands torn,
 His trembling gait betray'd his inward fear.

With rolling eye-balls, as of sense bereft,
 Nor was a gesture from distraction free;
 ' And this,' he cry'd, ' is all I now have left,
 The total ruin of my friends and me.

‘ The sun of yesterday unclouded smil’d ;
My joys were real, for my hopes were fair ;
With ready hand and cheerful heart I toil’d,
And grateful nature well repaid my care.

‘ One lovely daughter was my firm support,
The sweetest nymph that grac’d the rural train !
I envied not the splendor of a court,
My views were humble as my manners plain.

‘ Long practis’d industry enough had spar’d,
Life’s wants and social comforts to secure ;
Fair fortune bless’d my labours with reward,
And kindly render’d me nor rich nor poor.

‘ My sweet Amelia ev’ry art possess,
To drain life’s cup from grief’s corroding gall ;
The love of virtue dwelt within her breast,
And her example was the rule of all.

•

‘ She help’d to lull the growing cares of age;
 Of future worth the fairest prospect gave;
 Her arts the pain of sickness could assuage,
 And smooth my rapid journey to the grave.

‘ Such was my happiness till yesternight,
 That hour of horror and of speechless woe!
 When heav’n sent down its quick consuming light,
 And all was lost for which I liv’d below.

‘ Beneath those odious ruins which still reek,
 Lies my poor child, of fun’ral rites depriv’d;
 All hope is lost! Oh where for comfort seek!
 All hope is lost for which till now I liv’d!

Lamenting thus, and striving more to tell;
 But language paus’d, and nature’s strength recoil’d;
 His full heart burst, and down he lifeless fell,
 An awful off’ring to a much lov’d child!

The sad news spread—the church-bell slowly rang,
Each sorrowing friend slunk home with grief and gloom;
The next day met, a solemn requiem sang,
And saw them laid together in a tomb.

VI.

WRITTEN ON A YOUNG LADY AT BRISTOL HOT-WELLS,
IN THE LAST STAGE OF A CONSUMPTION.

WHEN sickness comes, how little then avails
The charm of beauty, or youth's lovely bloom !
For sickness with relentless wrath assails ;
His means are torture, and his end the tomb.

Nas! nor worth, nor sacred truth can save,
When death has once affix'd the fatal hour,
He poor devoted victim from the grave,
But all must yield to his tyrannic pow'r.

ees! all must bow to cruel death's command,
Though strong entrench'd with virtue bright and fair ;
And, as the flow'r, that's pluck'd by some rude hand,
When he ordains, must yield the vital air.

Since this, *sweet* maid! was thine appointed fate,
Oh! to thy worth may it be kindly giv'n,
That some soft breeze around thy grave may wait,
And gently waft thy guiltless soul to heav'n!

Then, wilt thou have no reason to complain
For having tarry'd these few years below ;
For all below is fruitless, false, or vain,
With ills surrounded, and replete with woe.

S O N G S.

!

I.

WHERE'S the passion so pleasing, so soothing, as love!
Where's the ecstasy equal to that lovers prove!
Where's the joy upon earth can with loving compare!
That chief source of all bliss, and beguiler of care!

Let the miser count over his coffers of gold;
Let him purchase those joys which for lucre are sold;
For I sing purer transports than gold ever bought,
And which nature alone my fond bosom has taught.

Let the rich in the revels of fancy delight;
Let them pamper the cravings of taste and of sight;
Still, if love's vital spark with no energy shine,
All their pleasures are barren, contrasted with mine.

M

Let the great shew their power, the proud boast their birth;
 Let the despot controul the vile slaves of the earth;
 For dominion and pomp I defy to impart
 Those emotions which soften and gladden my heart.

If my spirits be sunk ; if my mind be deprest ;
 If I feel cursed strife rising fast in my breast ;
 A kind look, or a word, from the dear girl I love,
 Can, at once, all unpleasant sensations remove.

When misfortunes afflict ; when hope sickens and dies ;
 When the tear of distress trickles down from my eyes ;
 If my fair one but grant me a smile, or a kiss,
 I return from despondence to rapture and bliss.

I disdain any riches the world e'er can give,
 For it is not for riches, but love, that I live ;
 All I prize are the sweets which from sympathy flow,
 And which none but the soul of refinement can know.

**Then, great ruler of love! O attend to my pray'r!
Of those blessings I ask, O bestow a large share!
For, contented, I'll wish for no more from above,
Give, but plenty of friendship, and plenty of love.**

II.

The distinction, by Jove!
Between hatred and love,
Lies in this, that the one gains us friends,
Whilst the other makes foes,
Who come often to blows,
And a thousand more terrible ends,
My dear girl.

Then I think I don't err,
If blest love I prefer,
To aversion's large volume of ills;
For love's balsam is sure
All afflictions to cure,
And the cup of soft sympathy fills,
My dear girl.

Who's my foe I must hate,
 ('Tis so settled by fate)
 Being firmly convinc'd he hates me;
 But a friend I must love,
 And, like angels above,
 He and I must for ever agree,
 My dear girl.

For a foe is a devil,
 Ever aiming at evil,
 And tormenting me all that he can;
 But a friend seems a god,
 That makes lighter my load,
 And defends me against any man,
 My dear girl.

Hollow foes basely sneak,
 When they find themselves weak,
 To distress us more surely when strong;
 But love's spiritual flame
 Is, for ever, the same,
 And is fitted to burn all life long,
 My dear girl.

If a foe saw me weep,
 At a distance he'd keep,
 And his heart would beat basely with joy ;
 But a friend would draw near,
 And away wipe the tear
 Of distress, as it stole from my eye,
 My dear girl.

Cursed enmity damps
 Our best feelings, and cramps
 The pure pleasures which flow from the heart ;
 But attachment is fill'd
 With emotions that gild
 All the blessings which life can impart,
 My dear girl.

Why then, let us shake hands,
 And draw tighter the bands
 Which can bind our affections the best ;
 For, in spite of disguise,
 I can tell, by your eyes,
 Partial feelings reside in your breast,
 My dear girl

And may kind heav'n grant,
That I never may want
A true friend such as you when distrest ;
For then, fortune may shed
All her wrath on my head,
Yet I still shall esteem myself blest,
My dear girl.

III.

WHY, Lelia, why
Bedew that eye
With tears of tender grieving?
The cause reveal,
And don't conceal
What all think worth relieving.
Ah! why disgrace
That angel's face,
Why weep, my dearest treasure?
With sighs oppress,
Why heaves that breast,
Which is the throne of pleasure?

Then laugh with me,
And cheerful be,
For mirth is wisdom's essence ;

It bliss pursues,
All care subdues,
And drives it from our presence.

Dear Lelia, let
Us both forget
The cause of our distresses,
No more complain,
But let love reign,
For love all ills redresses.
Consent to join
Thy hand with mine,
And vow with warm emotion,
We'll never part,
But, with one heart,
To love pay due devotion.
Then laugh, &c.

Let no harsh frown
Keep wishes down,
Or stifle expectation,

But let each sigh
The force imply
Of love's soft inspiration.
Let gen'rous thought,
By freedom taught,
Shine through art's formal curtain;
Let hope be seal'd,
To nature yield,
And happiness is certain.
Then laugh, &c.

For if on earth
Bliss e'er has birth,
'Tis when two souls of feeling,
In union glide
Adown life's tide,
Their mutual sorrows healing:
Their cares and fears,
Their sighs and tears,
Their joys and comforts sharing,

Whatever fate,
In wrath create,
Why, faith! there's no despairing.
Then laugh, &c.

The knot that binds
Two social minds,
In bands of true affection,
Though firm and tight,
As air is light,
And never breeds dejection.
Each happy day
Steals fast away,
In spite of envy's rumour,
And life is found
An endless round
Of friendship and good humour.
Then laugh, &c.

IV.

WHAT do eyes archly laughing bespeak,
 Or the smiles which so merrily play
 In the dimples of Lissy's red cheek,
 Where they flourish like blossoms in May?
 They bespeak a heart ever at ease,
 With a mind where contentment resides,
 And a temper as mild as the breeze
 Which across the smooth rivulet glides.

Happy season of life, when our days
 From misfortune's fierce troubles are free,
 When pure innocence guides all our ways,
 And our thoughts with our actions agree.
 When the bosom, unus'd to disguise,
 Scorns to practise the hypocrite's art,
 And the rapture that beams in the eyes
 Is the type of what lives in the heart!

The clear current, which sparkling rolls by,
 As it murmurs the green woods among,
 Is less bright than the glance of your eye,
 And less soft than the sound of your tongue.
 All your gestures and actions proceed
 From simplicity's eloquent source,
 And to win us, why all you have need,
 Is, to let nature follow her course.

For, in fact, what persuades us so well,
 Or such inward complacency gives,
 As the tongue which has candour to tell
 What the soul, with true fervour, conceives?
 Oh! when virtue and nature are join'd,
 Ev'ry word with such energy flows,
 And so acts on the springs of the mind,
 Its persuasion no strength can oppose.

Tell me, where is the breast that has steel,
 To resist what is spoke without guile,
 And whose organs are form'd not to feel,
 When meek infancy lisps with a smile?

Thus, sweet maid, if, as years slip away,
You'd continue our hearts to subdue,
From blest virtue's plain road never stray,
And to nature's soft feelings prove true.

V.

A face where sweet expression dwells,
And what the soul imagines—tells;
In which the softest beauties prove
Thy wide dominion, magic love!
Just such a face I have in view,
When, Mary, I contemplate you.

A shape of the divinest form,
Whose ev'ry movement boasts a charm,
In which ten thousand graces play,
Like fires around the orb of day:
Just such a shape I have in view,
When, Mary, I contemplate you.

A mind where dwells an ample store
Of nature's purest, choicest ore,
In which all faculties combine,
And with peculiar lustre shine:
Just such a mind I have in view,
When, Mary, I converse with you.

VI.

SUNG BY A MOTHER WHILST NURSING
HER CHILD.

Now sleep sits lightly on thine eyes;
Now all thy woes are lull'd to rest;
No more I hear those piercing cries,
Which oft have torn mine anxious breast.

Sleep on, sweet babe! sleep on, in peace,
Since sleep thy little cares beguiles;
And, when thy gentle slumbers cease,
May nature clothe thy cheek with smiles!

Improving with the circling year,
In ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
O never mayst thou shed the tear,
That trickles down misfortune's face!

N

Remov'd for ever be the sway
Of envy, wrath, revenge, and strife;
And may thy present peace display
The picture of thy future life!

VII.

A GENTLE nymph did one day prove
Within her breast the warmth of love;
She long'd to know (nor long'd in vain)
The cause of this unusual pain,
And, void of art, she sang this strain :

O goddess Nature, tell me pray!
What passion o'er my soul has sway?
For something stirs within my breast,
Which pleasure gives, yet breaks my rest;
Which wounds, yet is a welcome guest.

Say, what can such emotions mean,
Which raise, by turns, delight and spleen?
Which torture now, and now revive?
Which make me wish to die—and live?
O Nature! some kind answer give!

Whilst thus she sang, a youth appear'd,
When, lo! her doubts, at once, were clear'd:
For she read, plainly, in his eyes,
The cause of all her inward sighs,
And so quite vanish'd her surprise.

VIII.

TRUE it is, I love to share
In the joyous scenes of mirth,
And, with laughter chasing care,
Stifle sorrow at its birth.
True it is, I love to dwell
On the merry dimpled face,
And the tale of humour tell,
Whilst I there my feelings trace.

When I see my Mary's cheek,
Where with roses smiles unite;
When I hear her mildly speak,
Blending reason with delight;
I a real joy derive
From the pleasure she displays,
And my feelings are alive
To whate'er she does or says.

Still, although I laughter love,
I can also prize a tear,
Which can dormant passions move,
And the tend'rest thought endear :
When it falls from beauty's eye,
Emblem of some inward pain,
O! what bliss to wipe it dry,
And restore to smiles again !

I revere those hearts which beat
At the tale of others' woes ;
Kind compassion's doubly sweet,
When the tear unbidden flows :
They most open to receive
Joy, by grief are soonest rent ;
But the soul that cannot grieve,
Merits not to know content.

IX.

Be gone from my breast, all ye sources of grief;
No longer employ your dull arts to ensnare;
For whilst magic grapes can afford me relief,
Ah! why should I suffer the tortures of care!

'Tis true, that blind fortune has long been my foe,
And made me afflictions unceasing endure;
But never again will I sink under woe,
For reason, at last, has discover'd a cure.

The juice of the grape can an antidote boast
Against all our fears, and our troubles controul;
Who e'er felt dejected, whilst drinking a toast,
In a bumper of wine, to the girl of his soul?

Then fill full my glass with the nectar divine,
That nectar which animates poetry's lay,
Which makes the bright planet of cheerfulness shine,
And chases the vapours of sorrow away.

Blest cordial of life! by kind nature bestow'd,
That man, who can seldom true happiness find,
At least, while condemn'd to this earthly abode,
With comforts ideal might gladden his mind.

For wine can confer half the blessings we seek;
Can soften the rigid decrees of harsh fate;
Can call forth the laughter which dimples the cheek;
And friendship's and love's gen'rous warmth can create.

Then, come, jolly Bacchus! descend from the skies;
Emotions of bliss to my bosom impart;
O light up the mirror of mirth in my eyes!
And waken those feelings which open the heart!

X.

COME, my friends, let us enjoy
What the present moment grants,
And not precious time employ,
In lamenting o'er our wants.

Let us push the goblet round,
Toasting each some fav'rite lass;
And let discontent be drown'd
In the pleasures of the glass.

What, alas! will grief avail?
Will dull sighs and sorrows cure?
Will they bring the prosp'rous gale,
Or a better lot insure?

To suppose that tears make well,
Is the greatest height of folly;
Nought but laughter can expel
Cank'ring, gnawing melancholy.

Let us then be blithe and gay,
For 'tis nonsense to be grave,
And to sigh our lives away,
After what we ne'er can have.

If blind fortune will not come,
But desert us from our birth;
Why, let us supply her room,
By a constant round of mirth.

If to others wealth she send,
Let them of her favours boast;
But I ever will contend,
He is happiest who laughs most.

Grant me, gods! a cheerful heart,
Fram'd for friendship and for love;
And O, let me bliss impart!
In whatever sphere I move.

XI.

You ask for a song, and, by Jove!

I'll sing one well as I'm able;

The theme I have chosen is love,

A theme known to all at this table;

For where is the soul that escapes

The subtle and searching sensation?

It comes in all manner and shapes,

And fills the whole range of creation.

It spares neither aged nor young,

But travels the blessed world over,

And though oft conceal'd by the tongue,

The eyes are still sure to discover.

'Tis th' essence of spiritual flame,

The source of each tender devotion,


'Tis something that fills the whole frame,

And speaks in each feature and motion.

It warms ev'ry thought of the soul;
Reveals a new world to the senses;
Fair fancy it frees from controul;
And breaks down stupidity's fences.
It opens the mind of the sage;
The growth of bright genius it quickens;
Gives warmth to the coldness of age,
And health to the bosom that sickens.

At times, though the source of much pain,
Its joys, in proportion, are greater;
And long though we suffer in vain,
Reward still comes sooner or later.
Thus Phyllis once broke my repose,
But Myra is not so hard-hearted,
Her kindness has banished my woes,
And cur'd all the wounds that once smarted.

Now, as for myself, I declare,
The passion I ne'er will let languish;
For sweet are the smiles of the fair,
But frowns are my torment and anguish.



O those who have known well as I,
The value of love's sacred pleasures,
Find charms in the glance of an eye,
Surpassing the world's richest treasures.

The sex then, in bumpers, I'll toast,
Whilst wine I can purchase or borrow;
For comfort without them were lost,
And life would be nothing but sorrow.
They e'er shall be prais'd by my pen;
Their healths I will drink in my glasses;
For nothing I care for the men,
So long as I'm lov'd by the lasses.

XII.

To joys that circle round the glass,
Before they flit away ;
To social moments, as they pass,
I dedicate my lay :
Then come, my honest jovial friends,
The precious liquor quaff ;
Receive the gifts kind fortune sends ;
And drink your goblets off.

There's many a valued charm lies hid
Within the luscious grape,
Then cheerly do the thing you're bid,
Nor let the boon escape :
There's many a friend who merits well,
That we of him should think,
And each of many a lass can tell,
Whose health he loves to drink.

I own, I am not one of those
Who covet grief and care,
Do what we will, the load of woes
Is quite enough to bear:
Then why increase a galling weight,
That bears life's comfort down?
At once dismiss the gloomy freight,
And grief in laughter drown.

The skilful mariner, who knows
His vessel how to steer,
Does not the angry sky oppose,
But quits the port when clear:
Like him, let's court the prosp'rous gale,
Nor fortune's favour miss;
But scud along with press of sail
Towards the promis'd bliss.

How many, with distracting fear,
Disturb the hour of rest;
How many cherish dark despair,
And sink with gloom oppress!

But this is folly all, and I
Can ne'er approve the plan;
Let us, my friends, more wisely try
To catch what joy we can.

The miser, to increase his store,
Removes the stubborn clay,
With care selects the precious ore,
The dross he throws away.
From him, then, let us warning take,
And this advantage reap;
Grief be the dross which we forsake!
And joy the ore we keep!



SONNETS.

I.

TO MUSIC.

MUSIC! heav'nly maid, descend!

Calm me with thy magic sounds!

A desponding heart befriend;

Sooth its cares, and heal its wounds!

Let my soul, without delay,

Feel thy soft and tranquil sway;

Come! for life slips fast away.

Hark! my fervent pray'r is heard!

Passions now no longer jar;

For Cecilia strikes the chord,

Which expels internal war;

Which inspires the sweets of peace;

Which from sorrow brings release,

Future hope, and present ease.

II.

ON LIFE.

WHEN the light vessel, by the tempest tost,
Rises one moment, and the next descends,
Appearing now, and now in billows lost,
The sport of winds inconstant fortune sends;
It represents life's transitory state,
In which one moment, with fond hope elate,
We catch at bliss, the next, perceive the cheat.

Then, what is life but an afflicting scene,
Wherein, throughout, in glaring colours, glow
All that is trivial, arrogant, or mean,
Fictitious pleasure, but substantial woe;
Pleasure, with smiles of heedless fancy grac'd,
Illusive smiles, not possible to last,
And by the sigh of sorrow soon displac'd.

III.

WRITTEN WHILST CONTEMPLATING THE RUINS OF
CAERPHILLY CASTLE IN GLAMORGANSHIRE.

CAERPHILLY! how thy glory is effac'd
Since those proud days when mighty barons came
To guard thy walls, and deeds of valour grac'd
Each trench, and spread the terror of thy name.

Those lofty battlements which reach'd the sky,
Where valour's arm achiev'd recorded deeds,
Now in one formless mass of ruins lie,
And humbly mingle with offensive weeds.

Not all thy strength was able to protect
Thy tow'rs, and keep thee in thy scornful prime;
For strength itself, by lapse of years is wreck'd,
And all things shrink beneath the grasp of time.

Then learn, O man! from what these walls display,
How soon *thy* feeble structure must decay.

IV.

ON THE ALREADY BEGUN HARVEST IN THE YEAR

1795.

LET us strike the sounding string;
 Let us vocal music raise;
 Let us joyful pæans sing
 To the God of nature's praise!

For it is by his command
 That the golden harvest grows;
 Lately famine pinch'd the land;
 Now the horn of plenty flows.

He makes rich the stubborn soil,
 And its produce kindly guards;
 He beholds the peasant's toil,
 And his labour thus rewards.

Let us therefore swell the strain,
 And thank, and thank, and thank again.

V.

T O S L E E P.

SLEEP, thou silent, soothing, god!
 Seat me on thy torpid throne;
Rule me with thy leaden rod;
 Deck me with thy poppy crown!

For when cares have wearied out,
 And unnerv'd the tortur'd brain,
Thou canst silence fear and doubt,
 And becalm the throes of pain.

Thou canst ease the fiercest throbs,
 Which, whilst waking, rudely roll;
Thou canst chase the fiend that robs
 Peace of mind, and strength of soul.

Come then, Morpheus! and let me
Thy devoted subject be.

VI.

ON THE FOLLY OF AMASSING RICHES.

WHY should we, with endless trouble,
Toil for riches never spent ?
As the frail and empty bubble
Pow'rless, to command content.

They can neither health insure us,
Nor a peaceful mind bestow ;
They can neither friends secure us,
Nor absolve the heart from woe.

Riches do but fan the fires,
Av'rice lights within the breast :
'Tis the soul of few desires
That alone is truly blest ;

That, with calm and steady mind,
Shuns the follies of mankind.

VII.

ON RETIREMENT.

O SWEET retirement, fruitful source of thought,
Best friend to virtuous, undisturb'd repose,
Thy peaceful mansion, though but rarely sought,
Includes the space where calm contentment grows.

For, in the noisy bustle of the world,
Reflection quits the empire of the mind,
Through endless scenes of irksome folly hurl'd,
We seek, alas ! for what we never find.

But when to thy recluse abode withdrawn,
The fruits of sense and judgment reappear,
Content extracts pale envy's venom'd thorn,
And makes the stream of troubled passion clear.

'Tis then the doubting mind of man unfolds,
And with himself a close communion holds.

VIII.

ON HAWS-WATER LAKE.

LITTLE, charming, secret spot,
Where no irksome cares prevail,
Where misfortune ventures not,
And where virtue spreads her sail!

Thy rude mountains emblems are
Of the freedom of thy swains,
And thy tranquil shores declare
The repose that round thee reigns.

As thy crystal waters pure,
Truth and honour here reside;
As thy surface, smooth and sure,
Days and happy seasons glide.

Hither come, ye rich and great,
And detest the toils of state!

IX.

AGAINST AMBITION.

WHAT are the charms of pomp and pow'r,
Compar'd with those of peaceful ease !
What but the pageant of an hour,
Which folly courts, but wisdom flees !

For, can the incense base that flows
From hearts where falsehood sits enshrin'd,
Or that a trembling wretch bestows,
Give pleasure to an honest mind ?

Let others then delight in courts,
Where pride, in splendid baseness, lives ;
The noble soul needs no supports,
But those which conscious virtue gives.

Warm'd by its own instinctive rays,
It spurns the voice of purchas'd praise.

X.

ON MARY.

MARY's attractions who can paint ?

All effort's weak, all art is vain ;
The painter's skill is dull and faint,
And useless is the poet's strain.

Still though unable to express

Her graceful ease, her wit refin'd,
Her virtue, beauty, loveliness,
They all are pictur'd on my mind.

There they in living colours glow,

By warm affection's pencil made,
And all that envious time can do,
Their blest remembrance ne'er shall fade.

But, as life's seasons onward move,

Shall deeper sink, and stronger prove.

XI.

TO THE MOON.

SEE where the moon her solemn journey takes,
Through boundless regions of the star-deckt sky ;
Darkness appal'd, his dreary realm forsakes,
And from her presence gloomy vapours fly.

Now 'thwart the clouds her pallid lustre gleams,
And sheds her mellow'd tints upon the plain ;
Now, with increasing splendour, her bright beams
Dance on the troubled bosom of the main.

Blest orb of night! that ever dost befriend
The soul that's shrinking from the weight of woes,
That dost the pilgrim's weary'd step attend,
And safe conduct him to his wish'd repose:

That dost the reign of melody prolong,
And wake to being Philomela's song.

XII.

TO THE SUN.

THE night retires; and Sol, with ruddy face,
 Reveals his glories to the world again;
 Again ascends to cheer the human race,
 And rouse from sleep's dull, solitary reign.

See where he follows light Aurora's tract,
 Nature still drooping with the evening dew;
 But, as she feels his genial vigour act,
 Her vary'd beauties blossom and renew.

Magnetic orb! of life the fertile source,
 That giv'st exub'rance to the barren clod!
 Who can behold the wonders of thy course,
 And still deny the being of a God?

Who, whilst induc'd thy wonders to explore,
 Can still behold, and not that God adore?

THE END.

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